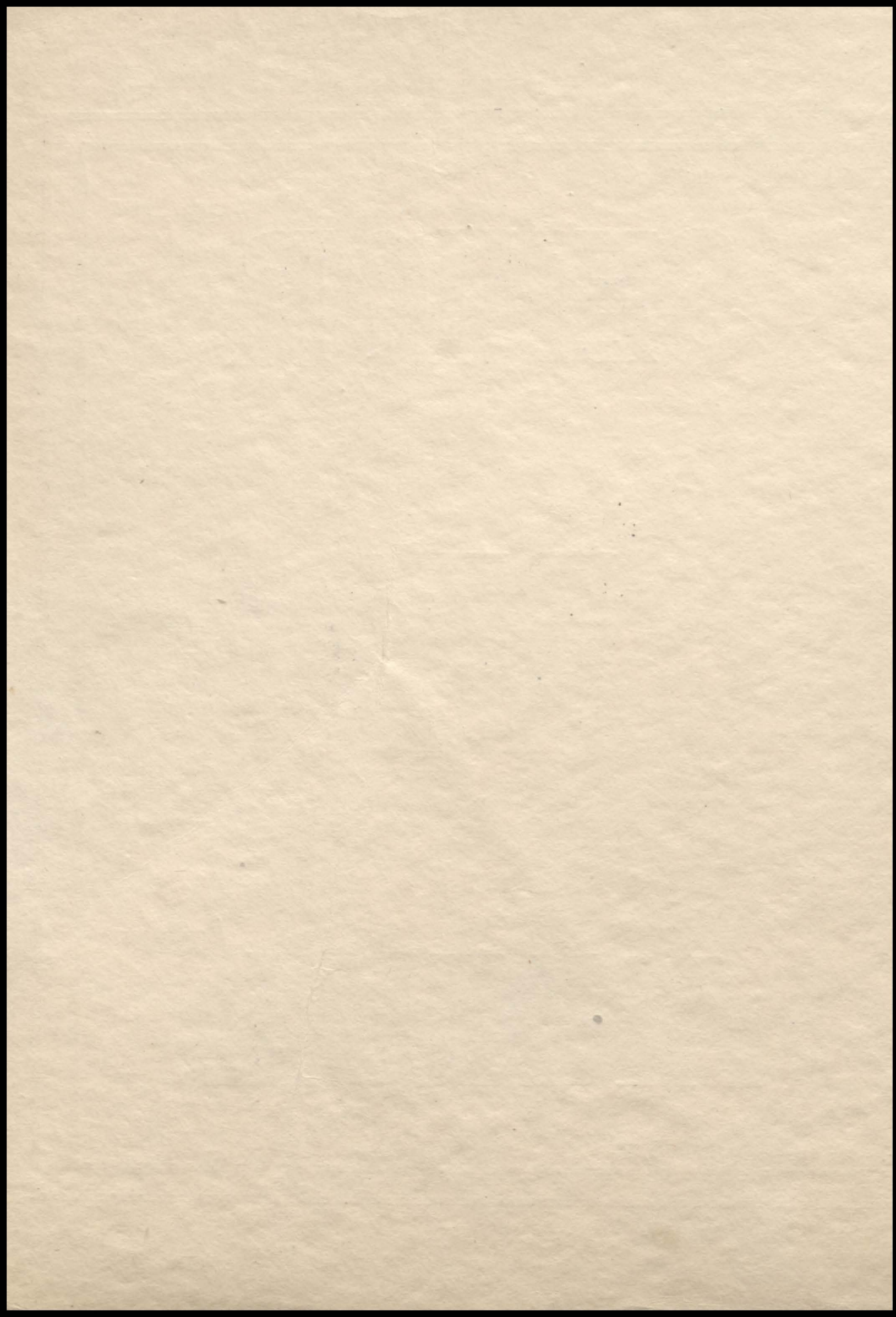
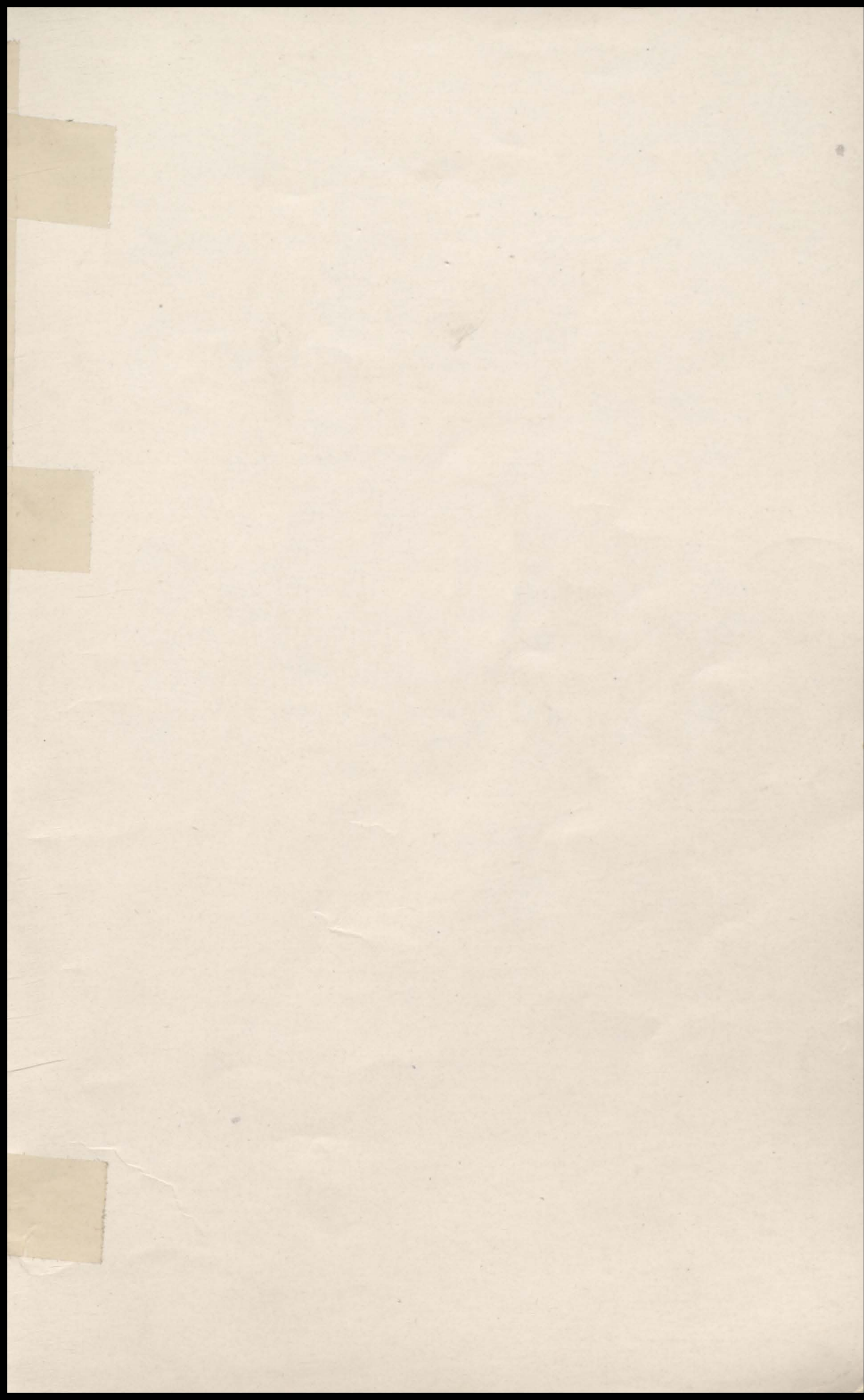


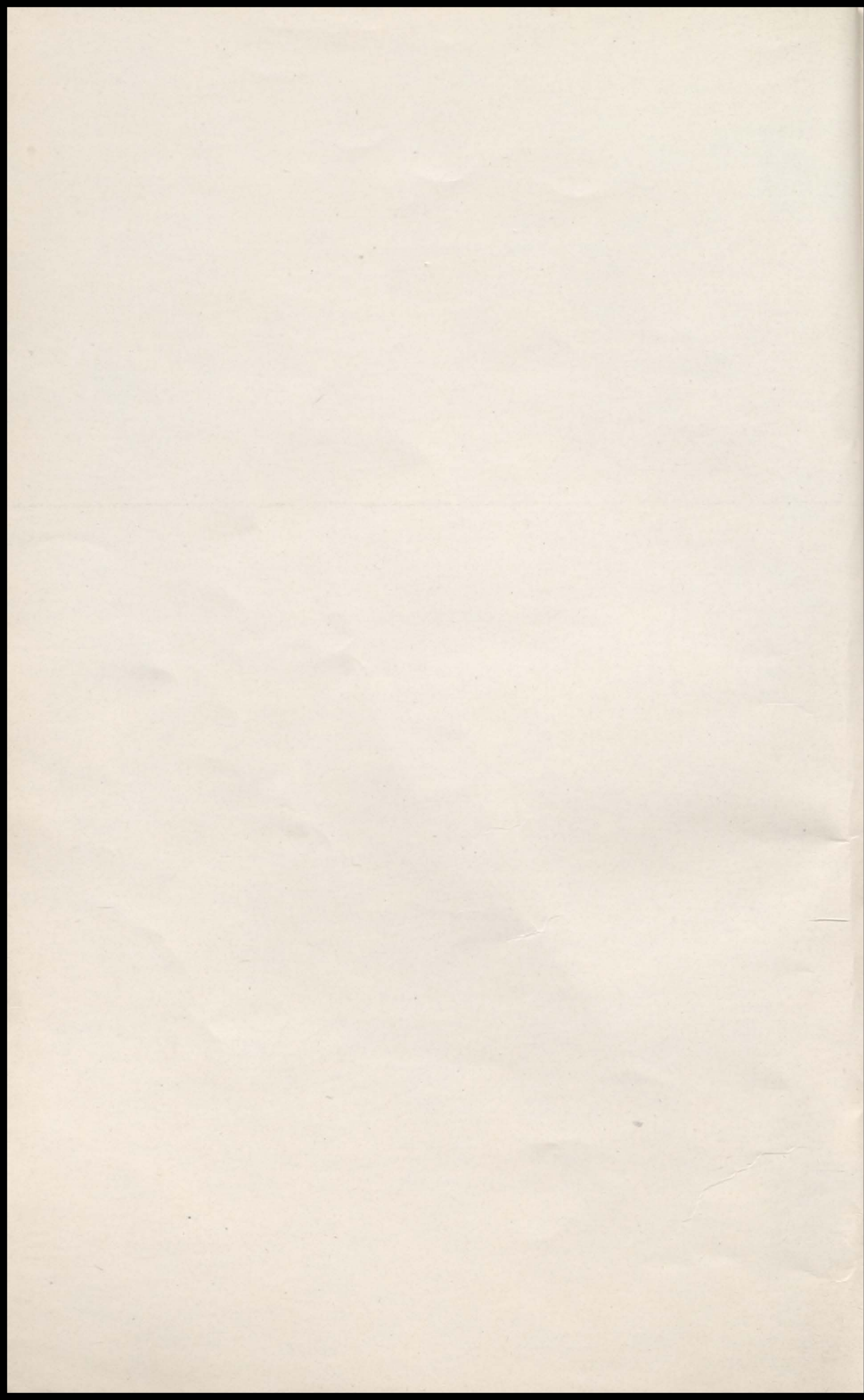
SENIOR

RFA
1919

ANNUAL







TO
SARAH P. STOCKING
Our Beloved Teacher and Friend
THIS ANNUAL
IS SINCERELY DEDICATED

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

WE, in this brief space, wish to acknowledge our indebtedness to the citizens of Rome and the members of the Rome Chamber of Commerce, in which is incorporated, The Rome Merchants Association, for their financial support in making possible the publication of this book.

HERETOFORE the Senior Annual has been financed partly by the sale of advertising space. Owing to a new ruling of the Chamber of Commerce it was impossible to secure advertisements this year. Thus, had it not been for their cooperation it would have been impossible to publish this Annual.

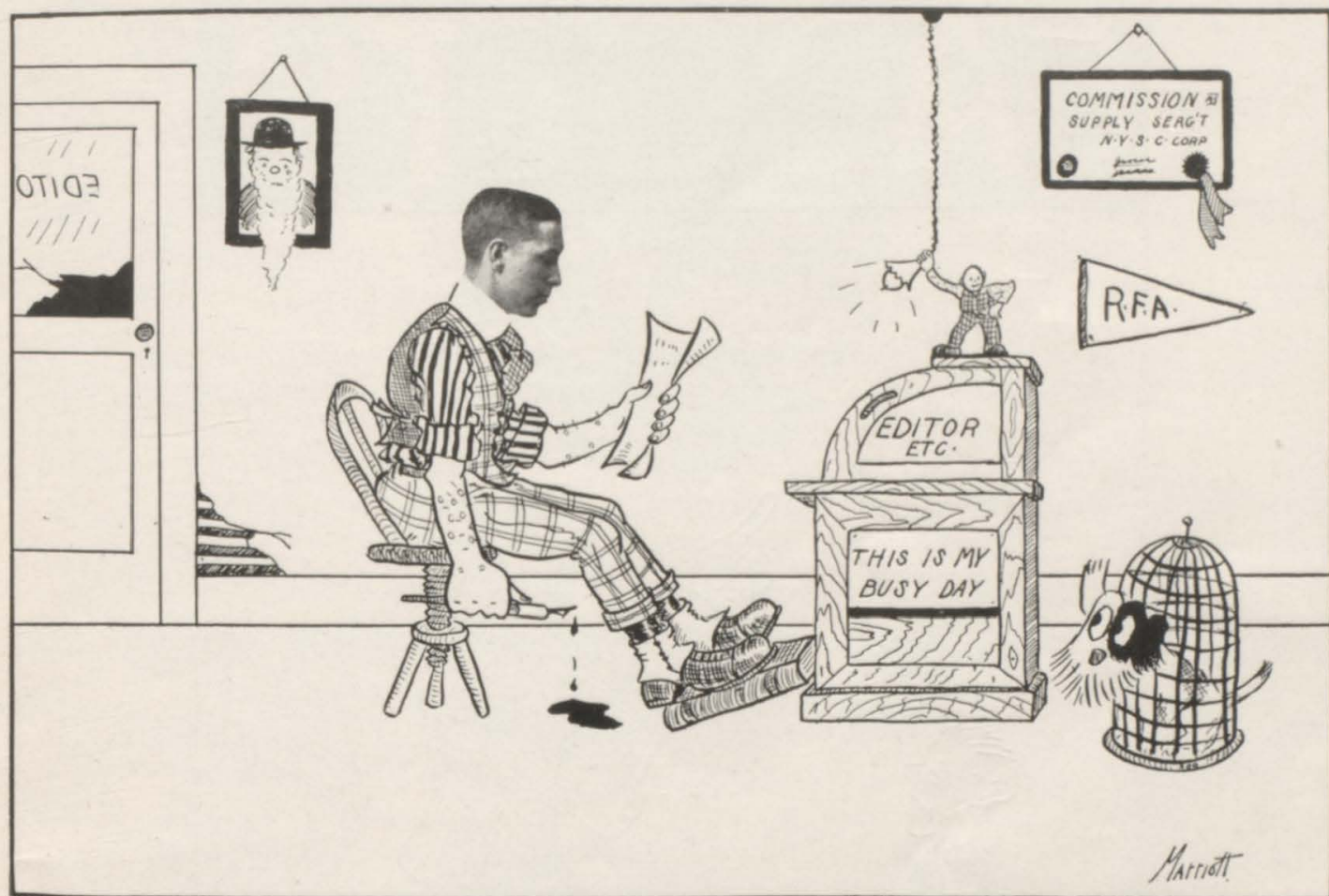
THE SENIOR ANNUAL

PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS

ROME, N. Y.

CLASS DAY

JUNE 24, 1919



Floyd S. Jones, Editor-in-Chief.

~ Staff ~

Matilda L. Hart Vincent Rafferty

Priscilla A. Beach Lynn E. Kelley

Ruth Fox C. Wesley Powers

Mildred Rockwood Claude C. Bell

Ada W. Harvey Lincoln O. Evans

Business-Mgr. Bradford F. Golly

FACULTY



Mart Marriott



DANIEL R. CAMPBELL

THE FACULTY OF ROME FREE ACADEMY — 1919

DANIEL R. CAMPBELL.....Principal

Graduated Hamilton College, 1902, A.B., A.M., Phi Beta Kappa. Graduate study University of Munich and Princeton University. Taught in Rome Free Academy 1903-07, Cortland Normal School 1908-10, Utica Free Academy 1910-18, Cornell University summer of 1911, principal at Rome 1918-19.

RUTH M. HALL.....Latin and Assistant to the Principal

Graduated Cornell University 1904, A.B., and Albany State Normal College 1906, B.P. Taught in Phelps, Seneca Falls, Hornell, and Rome Free Academy '16-19.

JANE S. HIGHAM.....Latin and Greek

Graduated Syracuse University 1876, A.B., A.M., Phi Beta Kappa. Taught as preceptress at Onondaga Academy 1876-81, in Rome Free Academy 1882-92, lady principal in Clinton Liberal Institute and Fort Plain Military Academy 1893-97, Rome Free Academy 1897-1919.

FLORENCE C. SEELY.....Junior and Senior English

Graduated Cornell University 1885, Ph.B., Phi Beta Kappa. Taught at Fairport, N. Y., Gouverneur, N. Y., Auburn, N. Y., Charleston, S. C., Avery Institute, Rome Free Academy 1904-1919.

THE 1919 SENIOR ANNUAL

MARGARET M. McDONALD.....First and Second Year English

Graduated Smith College 1914, A.B. Taught in Downsville, N. Y., 1914-16, Forestville, N. Y., 1917-18, Rome Free Academy 1918-19.

EDITH M. COONEY.....First and Second Year English

Graduated Syracuse University 1903, Ph.B. Taught in Phoenix, N. Y., Oneida, N. Y., Rome Free Academy 1914-19.

SARAH P. STOCKING.....Expression and Oral English

Graduated Western Illinois State Normal School, Macomb, Ill., 1914, graduated Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, 1917. Taught in Viola, Ill., 1914-15, Rome Free Academy 1917-19.

HORACE M. ROBERTS.....Mathematics

Graduated Syracuse University 1916, A.B. Taught in St. Johns, Manlius, N. Y., 1916-17, and Rome Free Academy 1917-19.

ANNA I. SPEAR.....Algebra

Graduated Syracuse University 1905, Ph.B. Taught in Phoenix, Canastota, and Rome Free Academy 1915-19.

HENRIETTA FOOT.....Ancient History and Commercial Geography

Graduated Syracuse University 1912, A.B. Taught in Rome Free Academy 1912-19.

L. ELIZABETH MacFARLAND...American and English History and Civics

Graduated Smith College 1913, A.B. Taught in Puunene, Maui, Hawaiian Islands, 1913-15, and Rome Free Academy 1915-19.

EDMUND P. SCHERMERHORN.....Physics and Chemistry and Geometry

Graduated University of Rochester 1909, B.S. Principal Groveland, N. Y., High School 1912-13, science teacher Bellville, N. Y., Union Academy 1913-14, Babylon, Long Island, 1914-16, Rome Free Academy 1918-19.

ADENA K. BURT.....Biology

Graduated Cornell University 1918, A.B. Taught in Rome Free Academy 1918-19.

CAROLINE McFERRAN.....French, German and Spanish

Graduated Cornell University 1904, A.B., and Albany State Normal College 1905, B.P. Taught in Gouverneur, Hudson, and Rome Free Academy 1914-19.

N. LOUISE DUDLEY.....French and Algebra

Graduated Elmira College 1915, A.B. Taught in Rome Free Academy 1916-19.

THE 1919 SENIOR ANNUAL

HAROLD MOE.....Commercial Subjects

Graduated Commercial Course Plattsburg State Normal School 1916. Taught in Franklin Academy, Malone, N. Y., 1916-18, and Rome Free Academy 1918-19.

MARY B. WILLSON.....Commercial Subjects

Graduated Commercial Course, Plattsburg State Normal School, 1913. Taught in Rome Free Academy 1916-19.

CLAYTON K. DOUGLASS.....Mechanical Drawing and Joinery

Graduated Mechanics Institute 1913-14. Taught in Beaver Falls, Pa., 1914-17, Uniontown, Pa., 1917-18, and Rome Free Academy 1918-19.

CAROLYN BIBBINS.....Supervisor of Drawing

Graduated Mechanics Institute 1903. Taught in Tonawanda, and Rome 1913-19.

JOHN O. LUNDBLAD.....Supervisor of Music

Graduated Institute of Musical Art, New York City, 1913; graduated Institute of Musical Pedagogy, Northampton, Mass., 1918. Supervisor in Rome 1918-19.

MILDRED W. HEARN.....Household Science

Graduated Oneonta Normal 1912, and State College for Teachers 1915, B.S. Taught in Houdson, and Rome 1919. (Succeeded to work of H. Edith Salisbury).

MILDRED M. HOAG.....Household Art

Graduated Mechanics Institute, Rochester, 1916. Taught in Rome 1916-19.

ANNIS BALDWIN.....Director of Physical Training

Graduated Battle Creek Normal School of Physical Training 1918. Director in Rome schools 1918-19.

MRS. MARGERY HARP RACE.....Civics

Graduated Oneonta State Normal 1910. Graduated Syracuse University 1914, B.S. Taught in Rome Free Academy 1915-19.

MRS. HELEN THALMAN TABOR.....English

Graduated Cornell University 1899, A.B. Taught Latin and English in Rome Free Academy and Albany High School. English examiner in State Education Department four years. In Rome Free Academy 1918-19, taking the work of Edith M. Cooney.



FACULTY ROME FREE ACADEMY 1919

Standing, left to right—Douglas, MacFarland, Stocking, Foot, Campbell, Tabor, Wilson, Baldwin, Moe, Bibbin, MacDonald, Roberts, Schermerhorn.
 Seated, left to right—McFerran, Spear, Seely, Dudley, Hall, Higham, Harp, Burt, Hoag, Hearn, Lundblad

SENIOR CLASS
1919
ROME FREE ACADEMY





R
F
A

Donald Cole Barnard — "Don"

Look what's here! Right at the start-off. Gaze upon him, the champion ladies' man of the class. He has been successful in love, but, oh my! at cards he's a wonder. It is reported that he now owns a gambling den in East Rome. His luck is proverbial and older than the hills. Look out for him—he's dangerous.

Class president. Senior representative on Advisory Board. Oratorical honor. Football.



Priscilla Alden Beach — "Pris"

Hey, fellows! What-da-yuh think of this? Pretty keen, eh? Lots of other guys think so, too. Most of them are Manly(us) fellows and they ought to know. If you want to have a good time just call 237 and get that date for which you've been waiting so long.

Class treasurer. Vice president Students' Association. Essay honor. Cheer leader. First prize Slingerland contest. Member of Staff.



Claude Clinton Bell — "Phoebus"

This gent is a heap smarter than he looks. Week-ends he lives back home on the farm, but there's "no molasses on him." Just now he is headed for Syracuse University, where he is to become a for-ester. Good luck, Claude!

Football. Member Senior Annual Staff.



Elizabeth Roof Biggam — "Lizzie"

We can't say much about this Jane because her male acquaintances might want to fight. However, she, herself, is very agreeable and seems to get along with not more than one scrap per day. "Lizzie" wore some striped stockings once—but we haven't seen them since. We've looked for 'em, too.

"Lizzie" in class play.

1919



Merrilene Esther Bloss — "Pete"

"Pete" is straight from Blossvale, and you get good feed there. She is the only original "corn fed" baby. During the food shortage she tipped the scales at two hundred and forty. We don't know how much she weighs now. The old saying, "Good things come in small packages," didn't bear out in this case.

Valedictorian.

Fannie Helen Boyson

Fannie has not always been with us, but we welcome her just the same. If anyone should tell you that she is quiet and shy, don't you believe 'em. We know better! Don't we see her every day?

Frances King Clyde

This little girl is a very active member of our class and one sweet kid, too. Yet Frances has her own opinions, and likewise always expresses them. Seriously, we believe she likes to talk. We realize the gravity of such an accusation, but repeated evidence of this makes this statement imperative. She will make some deaf-and-dumb man a peach of a little wife.

Running center on Girls' Basketball team.

Marjorie Singleton Dunning

Marjorie looks as though she were awfully quiet, but the truth is she's an awful talker and can giggle more than anyone in our class. Yet she never has gone on the rampage, but we certainly wish she would. We should like to be there.



Lincoln David Evans — "Link"

No, you are mistaken! "Link" is not posing. This is his natural look. Serious, you say? Yes, just a trifle, but only on the surface. He's a regular guy when you get to know him. He has begun to carry matches too, so we heard.

Mildred Louise Evans

Do you know this yere female? Well, she is one of the best skilled auto drivers in the country. We'll have to admit that Mildred is rather quiet, but that only reminds us that "still water often runs deep."

Ruth Christine Fox — "Foxey"

When we look at a picture like this it makes us feel young again. We feel that life is worth living, after all. Ruth is a good student as well as a good looker. Some combination! Her number is 281 — Apple.

Fifth academic honor. Assistant business manager Senior Annual.

Lawrence Philip Gaheen — "Larry"

Did you ever hear of such a good old Irish name? "Mickey" had nothing on "Larry." Blue eyes, well, I guess! Now, don't you like him? The girls do, too. He is now managing a local shoe store, but finds time for a little pool now and then. If you want to be beaten, just call up the "Y. M." and ask for him. He's usually there.



Bradford Fillmore Golly — "Brad"

You've heard of "Brad" before, haven't you? Of course you have. He is a "first-class" scout with I don't know how many badges. They tell me that he has a wonderful eye — that whether it be basketball, pool, or bowling, something's got to drop. We don't believe, though, that he ever dropped a stitch. And do the girls like "Brad"? You bet — they all have an eye for him.

Business manager Senior Annual.

Annie Lucy Graham — "Annie"

Annie's middle name is efficiency. Whether the lesson be hard or easy, she always has it. The world could well afford to have more people like Annie.

Glee Club. Senior Quartet.

Eleanor Gruver

So this is Miss Gruver! Glad to meet you, I'm sure. Oh, yes! We like all the girls. What did you say, "Do we like tall ones?" Why, to be sure — didn't we say we loved — pardon me — liked them all? Do sit down and make yourself at home.

Center on Girls' Basketball team. "Mrs. Kent" in class play.

Matilda Louise Hart — "Tillie"

Now what-ya-got on our Tillie, boys? Tillie has two hearts, and besides wears one on a chain. See it? She's one good scout, and we are determined not to lose her, even if we have to do as Peter did and "put her in a pumpkin shell and keep her there very well." Go on, now, you've looked at her long enough. Give someone else a show.

Manager Girls' Basketball team. Member of Advisory Board. Vice president of class. Member of Annual Staff. Class historian.



Ada Waterman Harvey — "Harv"

Irving Berlin can tickle the worries some, but it takes real skill to play "Till the Cows Come Home" on a typewriter. Ada can. Say, would you ever think Ada was cruel? Well, we have heard she was an awful heart-breaker.

Member of Senior Annual Staff.

Beatrice Gertrude Haynes — "Beatie"

Do you like ice cream? When we feel like having a nice big dish we go to "Beatie." Drop in Morrow's tomorrow and take your girl into one of those little alcoves. Then have "Beatie" fix you up a "lover's delight." It's worth it.

Isabelle Marie Hertel

No one has ever yet accused Miss Hertel of being frivolous, but that is not sufficient proof that she is not. We have appointed a committee of seven to look into the matter. They will render their report soon. Until then we must be in doubt.

Karllotta Katherine Lake Heyne

What's that song they used to sing about a minister's daughter? Karllotta is at present being rushed morning, noon and night, by a Junior, too. We'll say it's an awful case, but who wouldn't love to stroke those golden curls? "Hoppy" sure does.



Lillian Allenia Infanger

Lillian has put in four years of earnest study and now is to graduate with the class of '19. She admits that she could have picked no better class, had she combed the entire country. We agree with you, Lillian. Lillian is some piano player—you'd ought to hear her.

Senior Quartet, Glee Club.

Phoebe Arlinda Ingalls

Arlinda is one of those nice quiet girls. But would you believe it?—after hanging around in this cruel world, we've decided we like the quiet ones best. We bet you would if you were lucky enough to know Arlinda.

Vera Maroa Inman — "Ve"

Miss Inman has the misfortune to sit across the aisle from D. C. Barnard. We hear on good authority that she buys two tablets a week and puts in a good many hours getting lessons for the "boss" across the aisle. We extend her our heartfelt sympathy.

Senior Quartet, Glee Club.

Floyd Sewell Jones — "Dooley"

Don't you know this guy? Surely, no one else looks anything like him. Well, for one thing, he's the editor of this here magazine, but that doesn't cut any ice with us. If he wants to find out who's boss, let him start something. We'll finish it, all right. Recently "Dooley" has become enchanted with a pair of pretty blue eyes. We can hardly blame him.

Editor of Senior Annual. Fourth Academic honor.



R
F
A

Jennie Laura Jones

Jennie is our little Welsh girl, but we don't care. It never bothers her, so as far as we can see everything is all right all around. Jennie can sing some, too, and she has the sweetest little voice!

Senior Quartet, Glee Club.



Lynn Edmund Kelley — "Kelley"

Ah, here he is! We were going to put his sweet likeness in the joke section, but he talked us out of it. He sure can orate. On his last rhetorical appearance Lynn convinced us "that the holes in doughnuts were not superfluous." There is only one comfort in listening to "Kelley" talk—you don't have to remember what he says.

Member of Annual Staff. Football.



Lura Marion Kirk

Lura, we believe, likes to study. If she doesn't she takes good care that no one else knows about it. She has been faithful in her studies and has never caused one rumpus in R. F. A.—and as for men! She has never been known to cast even a glance at one.



Mildred Janet Lauther

To be sure—Miss Lauther! Mildred is another who has never been on the carpet in the office. In fact, her conduct has been so irreproachable that we have made up our minds to give her the D. S. C. (Discreet Senior Conduct.) In oral English she's a wonder at telling jokes.

1919



Genevieve Parks — "Jane"

We have known "Jane" for a long time and have always found her ready to laugh and giggle, but lately an unusual calm has settled on her and we fear that it is a bad case of heart disease. If we are wrong, can anyone enlighten us?

Mary Odelia Plunkett

Ah, behold Odelia, our class teaser. She has a memory of extraordinary length. Odelia talks about the same thing for two weeks straight, and the name of Albany, always.

Charles Wesley Powers — "Wes"

Just take a squint at those eyebrows! Ain't he cute? He comes from Bridgeport, Conn. The only thing we wonder is, are there any more like that in Bridgeport? "Wes" is a great man among the ladies, and he thinks as much about them as he does anything else, and that's saying a lot.

Football. Member of Annual Staff. "Robert" in class play.

Mabel Alice Quackenbush

Mabel hails from some place near Westmoreland, but we can't tell exactly. Week-ends we never see her, so there must be some attraction over there. She can tell you all about "Vin" and "Chunk", for she sits right next them.



Vincent Malcolm Raffauf — "Vin"

Yes, this is the celebrated "Vin." Like Barnard, he is very fond of the fair sex. His business? Oh, we expect he'll be manager of the "Parker Fountain Pen Factory" soon. Moreover, when it comes to women, no one can say that he is a "piker."

Member of Senior Annual Staff.

Mary Thelma Ringrose

You've guessed it! Yes, this is Miss Ringrose, a quiet and charming girl. She firmly believes that one's surroundings greatly influence one's actions and deeds. We suspect that is why she cast her lot with us and comes every day from Westernville to be with us.

Hazel Elizabeth Robson

Some people go to school because they want to; some because they have to. Hazel goes because she wants to. The queer part of it is, she wants to go to study. We always thought women were queer, anyhow.

Mildred Eleanor Rockwood

For some time now Mildred has been unusually happy. Our "Committee on Investigations" puzzled over the case for about six weeks. They finally decided that the excuse for this exuberance was the fact that prohibition was at last assured. When confronted with this accusation she confessed that it was true. We feel relieved. We thought she was in love.

Salutatorian. Member of Senior Annual Staff. Staff representative on Advisory Board.



Genevieve Laurette Ruby — "Gen"

Here's something nifty! If you know her you're lucky. If you don't we'll introduce you. If we do, though, you "gotta" promise not to monopolize her. We're not selfish, but we're human. "Gen" is one of our little class prizes.

"Grace" in class play.

Joseph George Ruby — "Joe"

Joe has so much responsibility upon his young shoulders that he has become "shop-worn" — excuse us, we mean "care-worn." His duties as president of Advisory Board weigh tremendously upon him. It is rumored that "Joe" is to be Presidential candidate on the Prohibition ticket for 1924. We have no doubt but what his majority will be tremendous.

President of Rome Students' Association. Secretary of class.

Pauline Frances Samson — "Polly"

"Polly" is a great friend of "Pete" Bloss and resembles her in some (?) respects. We suspect they must have good feed up to "Polly's" house, too. Our "Polly" hails from the far-off hills of Westernville. Would you believe it?

Iva Estella Sawyer

Miss Sawyer is one of our honor pupils, but that's not her fault. We suppose she just can't help being bright. Iva is a Lee Center belle and we're proud of her. She's come to the city to live for good now.



Elden Alfred Schue — "Schueie"

Ordinarily in this space we would tell you about this man Schue. Circumstances, however, do not permit us to make these disclosures public. A personal consultation with us is advisable. Call at the office any time.

Florence Anna Sinclair

Florence has never caused her teachers to lose any sleep. Always with lesson prepared she has gone through high school with little or no friction. Keep up the good work, Florence.

Lola Pearl Willson

To tell the truth we don't know much about Lola except that she and Iva are friends of the "one and inseparable" kind, and instead of Lee Center hails from the big city of Point Rock. We can tell no more, but perhaps people up at the "Rock" can.

Ellen Eloise Wilson

Some baby, our Ellen. She's one of our class orators, too. Many other classes have had orators, but they were just ordinary ones. In addition to her oratory, Ellen finds time to be agreeable to all her friends. This, surely, displeases no one, and we are all the better for it.

Captain of Girls' Basketball team. Sixth Academic honor.



Edward Andrew Wolff — "Wolfie"

We know it's a "darn shame" to leave this handsome youth until the last, but what can we do about it? Besides, such a clean-cut lad makes a fitting close to our illustrious class. We hear on good authority that he can tame wild women. We hope so — we may need his services some day.

Football. "Mr. Kent" in class play.

SENIOR HONORS FOR 1919

The graduation honors of the Senior class, the announcement of which had been anxiously awaited by the school, and especially by the Seniors, were given out by Principal Campbell as follows:

First Academic Honor, with Valedictory — Merrilene Esther Bloss. Class average 92.45; examination average 88.23; final average 90.34.

Second Academic Honor, with Salutatory — Mildred Eleanor Rockwood. Class average 91.29; examination average 84.10; final average 87.69.

Third Academic Honor — Iva Estella Sawyer. Class average 88.69; examination average 86.64; final average 87.66.

Fourth Academic Honor — Floyd Sewell Jones. Class average 88.90; examination average 86.06; final average 87.48.

Fifth Academic Honor — Ruth Christine Fox. Class average 90.233; examination average 83.562; final average 86.897.

Sixth Academic Honor — Ellen Eloise Wilson. Class average 88.855; examination average 84.933; final average 86.894.

Essay Honor — Priscilla Alden Beach. Rhetorical and oral English average 92.05; class average 87.55; examination average 79.00; final average 83.27.

Oratorical Honor — Donald Cole Barnard. Rhetorical and oral English average 90.384; class average 81.65; examination average 68.80; final average 75.22.

CLASS POEM

On the threshold of Life's portals, with our youthful minds serene,
Happiest of all happy mortals, stands the Class 1919.
Four long years we've toiled and striven, helped by teachers kind and true,
Who've their strength and talent given solving problems old and new.

We have passed through Trig. and Latin, Algebra and English IV,
Geometry us long enchanted, for we tried it o'er and o'er;
Through the French and English grammar hurried we with ready ease,
While a few learned how to hammer or to play typewriter keys.

Young are we, but brave and eager, ready to begin Life's work,
To give help though it be meager, and to daily toil, nor shirk.
Some of us will go to college, there to study and learn more,
That we may obtain the knowledge which will swell our golden store.

Some will seek for fame and glory in our country or in others,
Some will toil among the lowly, helping lift their weaker brothers;
We shall all have toil and trouble as we fight in life's great fray,
But it will our strength redouble just to think of R. F. A.

For 'tis here we've learned the lesson that all things come to those who try,
If we only keep on working we must conquer by and by.
Here we've striven hard to master that great ogre Concentration,
And perhaps we'll learn its value some time after graduation.

Some great scholars, history tells us, through the years our school has seen,
But we're sure that none had greater than our Class 1919;
High of aim, with true endeavor, never daunted by the way,
We shall prove to all forever we're the pride of R. F. A.

M. E. R., '19.

CLASS OFFICERS 1919

Donald C. Barnard	-	-	President
Matilda L. Hart	-	-	Vice President
Joseph G. Ruby	-	-	Secretary
Priscilla A. Beach	-	-	Treasurer

CLASS HISTORY, 1919

It was in September, 1915, that our contingent under the command of Corporal Barnard left the preparatory schools of Mr. Barringer and Mr. Lowerre for the officers' training camp of R. F. A.

At the first sound of the bugle each squad immediately fell into line, and file after file marched in review before the stand where sat our commander-in-chief, Mr. Harris.

From the lieutenants and higher officers of the camp we received scarcely a glance, but from the new sergeants (slangily called Sophs) we received heartiest applause. These sergeants were extremely anxious to exercise the privileges of their recently acquired offices, and as we passed before them they stared unceasingly in our ranks for recruits for their awkward squad.

Their blazing, snappy eyes, their haughty glances, and turned-up noses, convinced us that we had exhibited none of the desired elements, but that our polished appearance had smitten them to the core.

The inspection completed, we were assigned to our barracks, to which we retreated with almost uncontrollable haste. Here under the direction of our colonels we studied long and hard to master the rudiments of camp life and did not halt until just before Christmas. We then decorated the Study Hall in a most artistic and tempting manner. It was remarked afterward that the abundance of holly and mistletoe brought so much Christmas cheer that only the order of the commander-in-chief prevented its being carried bodily away from our barracks to officers' headquarters.

All too soon came our June Regents', but none too soon came our summer vacation. Yet happy were we to return in the fall to receive our promotion. The day had at last arrived when we might expose our ability in training the fresh rookies. However, during our Sophomore year we were so laden with work that we paid little attention to anything, but winged fleeting time, and soon we were again charging into Regents', to come out crowned with the laurels of victory.

Our Junior year was a year which will long be remembered, not only by the members of our class, but by the peoples of the world. It is the year our country entered into the great world war.

Our hopes for this year were of the highest. We had planned many a school activity, but the spirit of patriotism so thrilled us that we turned our attention to war and entered into Red Cross work with vigor, to be of some service to our country. Those were the days when every girl came to school with her knitting bag on her arm, and felt aggrieved if any of the generalissimo's aides-de-camp ordered all needles of industry into the kit — out of sight.

THE 1919 SENIOR ANNUAL

In memory of the former students of R. F. A. who were fighting in France that we at home might enjoy the blessings of peace, we, as Juniors of the Academy, decided not to have a Junior Prom, but rather to increase our purchases of W. S. S., again giving what little aid we could to our country in her need. As a result our class became a contributor of the largest amount. During the recent W. S. S. drive we, as Seniors, again came out in the lead, being the first 100 per cent class in the school.

Upon the last day of school, 1918, the Seniors saw fit to dedicate to us, as the most fitting class in school, their right to occupy the most distinguished and coveted seats of the school. We had long looked forward to our last year with hopes and aims high, and felt that the honor they bestowed upon us was well merited.

Little did we anticipate that our entrance upon our fourth year would be a sad one. The first day of school was given over to a memorial service for our respected and beloved former principal, Mr. Harris, whose splendid life had so suddenly been terminated.

A former professor of the school, Mr. Campbell, came to assume the duties of principalship. After a short period of unrest we were able to settle down to work under the new regime.

Our Senior year can well be called a year of perfection. The associations formed all during our high school career were further developed and unified. Believing strongly in the policy that "organization is the keynote to success," the Seniors worked hard to put through the constitution of the "Rome Students' Association." One of our members was elected to act as president of the association. Four other members of our class were representatives upon the Advisory Board.

In the Slingerland contest we were ably represented, and one member brought back to us laurels of which we are proud.

In athletics our class has always shone and we have been able to claim allegiance with several of the most noted stars of football and baseball teams.

Our high school career has not wholly been taken up with laborious duties, for we gave the Senior sleighride and dance at Westernville, enjoyed the Junior Prom at Easter-time, and are eagerly looking forward to our class banquet and dance.

And with the closing of Commencement Week comes also the closing of our high school career. We all look back upon our four years with utmost pleasure and feel that they form an epoch in our lives never to be forgotten. But before we start out upon the diverging paths of life we are gladly stopping a moment to bid each other farewell and to sing songs of praise to R. F. A.

M. L. H., '19.

THE PROPHECY OF THE CLASS OF 1919

Nineteen hundred and twenty-nine had rolled around and the old June moon stopped in his course to peer into the window of a sumptuously furnished apartment in New York. Here a prima donna of world-wide fame was reclining on her divan watching the moonbeams dance with the shadows on the wall. The telephone rang impatiently. It was the usual end of her musings. It was probably the manager of the theater with some trivial question or a newspaper reporter wanting to know the date of her last appearance. With a sigh she rose, drew the curtains, shutting out the moon's bright rays, and turned on the light.

"This is Countess Aresa," greeted the actress, lifting up the receiver.

"Well, Priscilla! I knew it was you!" exclaimed a deep voice at the other end of the wire. "May I come up and see you?"

"Why—er—yes. Who is it?" stammered the Countess, a bit overcome with surprise.

"Ha-ha! Your voice sounded so natural I half forgot we hadn't seen each other in ten years, and I supposed you would know — why, I'm Lynn Kelley of Class '19 — remember?"

"Remember! I should say I do! Sure, come right up.. Be careful when you land, there are two other triplanes on the roof. Good-bye." And Countess Aresa, otherwise known as Priscilla Beach, hung up the receiver.

Five minutes later there was a knock at the ceiling and the classmate of former days descended to the room. The greetings over, there was a silence in which each marveled at the change which ten years had made in the other.

The airman was the first to break the spell. He glanced around the room, his gaze resting on a picture of a general in full uniform. "Why, that face looks so familiar to me — and yet I am not acquainted with any generals."

"Oh! That is Gen. Elden Shue, who has made a shining record with the army of occupation. I met him in Paris and he gave me his picture," answered the Countess.

"In Paris?"

"Yes. Come and sit down. It was in France that I made up my mind to try the stage. I had always had a desire to and encouraged by some success there I determined to continue for a while over here. I sailed immediately after leaving college and made the trip in thirty-five minutes in Vincent Raffauf's famous seaplane 'The Ethyl'! Hynes and Hertel were the pilots and they changed their course only to escape colliding with a reckless star rover, 'The Allison,' which was carrying Karlotta Heyne home from her honeymoon. Upon my arrival I summoned a limousine to take me to my destination, and it was my surprise to find the driver to be my old classmate, Lura Kirk.

"She informed me that the proprietor of the hotel to which I was going was Marjorie Dunning, and that Odelia Plunkett was her assistant. She afterwards mentioned that Mabel Quackenbush was clerk. I soon decided that the hotel must be run on the American plan.

"My first night was a bit lonesome, as I was not accustomed to traveling alone, but my troubles vanished in the morning. Imagine my surprise to find myself seated at the same table with 'Larry' Gaheen. He was waiting for the session of the League to open — he being the U. S. representative — so we had plenty of time together. Our chief attraction was 'Ed Wolff's Beauty Chorus.' It certainly did credit to its manager. Arlinda Ingalls was his leading lady at the time and Genevieve Parks, an expert tight-rope walker and juggler.

"Speaking of the theatrical profession, have you noticed how rapidly Vera Inman has been coming to the front for some time. Perhaps you didn't know about it, however, as her name has now changed to Stretton."

"Well, she could always sing, and it was because of her that our Glee Club at R. F. A. was such a success."

"Was it under Ed's management that you played?"

"Yes, for a short time; but after my marriage to Count Aresa I went to Mrs. I've been following out the route prescribed of astronomy, but a grand opera star is good enough for me. Got any of the new Slippety-Slop-Slide music?"

"Oh, yes, here is one of the latest ones out, 'Mildred Dear, You Know I Love You,' by Lincoln Evans. Do you want to hear it?"

"'Linc' has made a great hit as a song writer."

"Sure, go ahead. I suppose Mildred plays the songs he writes?" inquired the visitor. "She was always pretty good at the piano."

"Well," responded the Countess, going to the piano, "I hardly agree with you. At present she is playing the organ at the church where 'Joe' Ruby preaches. 'Joe' has pretty progressive ideas, but I guess he hasn't introduced dance music into the pulpit yet."

"What's happened to Josephine — er — I mean Joe's sister?"

"Oh, Genevieve? Let me see — Oh, yes, Elden told me, she is in France with him doing Red Cross work in his army."

Inspired to rashness by the irresistible strain of Lincoln's melody, the airman extracted a cigarette from a hollow in the heel of his shoe. The soothing aroma of cigarette smoke lured both into a blissful reverie.

"Ten dollars' fine and thirty days' imprisonment!" The words thundered forth accompanied by a crashing of glass and the firing of a revolver. An officer of the law had caught them with the goods. The stub of the cigarette disappeared into the mouth of the offender, and the two guilty ones moved about restlessly. The grim officer entered the window and produced a pair of handcuffs. The culprits, terror-stricken, faced him with downcast eyes.

"Kelley, as I'm alive!" said the officer.

"Well, what d'ya know about it if it isn't my old pal Claude Bell! Say, Claude, old top, let me off and I will give you a cigarette.

The great detective gazed upon his victim thoughtfully and responded, "Kelley, you know the penalty if I am caught letting you escape, but I will take the chance for old times' sake."

"Excellent! Have a seat Claude and help us pass the evening," invited the Countess.

"Funny thing, ever since the chief sent me to New York I have been arresting old-time friends."

"Detectives will be as numerous as mosquitoes if this keeps on, and twice as bothersome, at that," remarked the Countess.

"I wonder how the anti-gum ordinance is progressing," mused Kelley.

"I don't know about that, but if it is going to pass they might just as well turn R. F. A. into a prison right now if it's the same as it was ten years ago," returned the Countess with a laugh.

Jennie Jones has certainly done wonders in Congress to defeat the bill," she continued. "She always had a convincing way."

"Well," commented the detective, "you must admit that the world is improving, even if it is a bit hard on us."

"Yes, and the class of '19 certainly has done a lot toward it. 'Tilly' hart has done wonderful work in the study of physical training. Her last accomplishment was to take a school of pupils physically and morally weak and make them over into first-class men and women. Elizabeth Biggam deserves the credit for making them all turn 'Christien'!"

"I should think that the poor teachers would be exhausted by this time," marveled the detective.

"I guess they would have been if it hadn't been for Mildred Lauther, who gave them electrical massages after each class," exclaimed the Countess.

"How shocking!" murmured Kelley. "Isn't Lola Willson doing something like that too?"

"No, her strong beliefs are in spiritualism. I heard a wonderfully inspiring lecture given by her on the subject. I think Frances Clyde and Ellen Wilson are partly responsible for her sudden interest in the subject, they having successfully faked an act of hypnotism in her presence."

"Do they realize the value of their services?"

"While I don't know about that, at least they haven't gone into the business of hypnotism. Frances is head nurse in the Roosevelt Hospital, Chicago, and Ellen is studying science in the service of the government.

"Has anyone been back at R. F. A. late?" ventured the detective.

At this point in the conversation the evening paper, the "Evening Daily Backbiter," edited by Floyd Jones, scaled through the room from the opening in the ceiling and landed on the head of the startled speaker.

"Oh," laughed the Countess, "those newsboys are so careless. They never stop to drop the paper and you always find it unexpectedly. Let's see if there is any news. Dooley always has some interesting editorial. Oh, it's fashions today. Do you remember how it used to be his hobby to inquire into all the particulars of girls' clothes? His education has evidently helped him. He says: 'The latest style of hoop skirt is the self-adjusting, double-back action, bustle etruscan, face expansion, Piccilomini attachment, gossamer, indestructible, demileopard magic ruffle polocticomoran. It is said to be a very charming thing and we publish the fact for the benefit of our lady readers. We hope they will appreciate our efforts to please them.'"

"I'm glad he knows what that means," exclaimed the airman. "It's German to me."

"Well, it's all interpreted here. Lillian Infanger has designed it for him. She's quite a wonder at that work."

"What's going on in Washington?" volunteered the detective.

"Well, well!" cried the Countess, turning the page "Big Headlines," "Governor Eleanor Gruver Announces Marriage! Mrs. and Mr. Gruver will take up their residence at the State capital."

"I wonder who he is? It is so aggravating not to have the man mentioned in the marriage announcements. I guess he didn't object to taking her name. Here are some more announcements. 'Mrs. and Mr. Ruth Golly' — sort of a compromise, eh? I guess it must be Ruth Fox and Brad Golly. I expected that, anyway."

"Listen to this: 'Annie Graham, W. C. T. U. worker, gives thrilling address on the effects and evils of Near Beer. Her speech was one of the finest ever delivered and was wildly cheered by a large audience.'"

While the Countess was engrossed in the paper the other two friends continued the conversation.

"Have you seen anything of Rome lately, Claude?"

"That's right, I did make a flying trip through there. The place has grown so you'd hardly know it. The only acquaintance I saw was Florence Sinclair, who is now principal of R. F. A."

"I see you still have your same healthy complexion. How do you do it?"

"Oh, that's easy! I use the 3-R soap powder that you see advertised so much. The three R's stand for Ringrose, Robson and Rockwood, who were classmates of ours. Another way I preserve my health is by following this little pamphlet on "The Care of the Teeth" written by Pauline Sampson, M. D. Phd. R. B. P. D. Q., of Cornell University," explained the detective, producing a small pamphlet for the benefit of his companion.

The airman looked at the pamphlet and returned it saying, "Have you seen the new colorless face powder invented by Fannie Boyson?"

"Yes, it's the best on the market," returned the authority on beauty hints.

"A robust health is the first essential by which to secure a good complexion. I take Esther Bloss as my authority on how to keep healthy. I obey her lectures on the subject to their minutest detail. You can depend on Esther to hit it right every time. She certainly —"

"A burst of laughter from the Countess interrupted the conversation. "If that isn't Don all over! And so that is what has become of his tardiness!"

"Well, what is the excitement?" demanded her hearers.

"Oh!" she laughed, here is the description of a double wedding: Margaret Clyde and 'Wes' Powers with Elizabeth MacAdam and Don Barnard. The article says the only mishap was that Barnard arrived an hour late and they had to continue the ceremonies without him!"

"That reminds me," exclaimed the detective, suddenly vacating his chair, "I had an engagement with him at the Hotel De Loaf about an hour ago. Maybe he is there by this time." With a hasty farewell he leaped out the broken window pane through which he had entered.

As the last faint sound of the triplane died upon the evening air the Countess, having drawn the shades, stealthily produced an innocent-looking clock and from the interior disclosed a couple of glasses and a bottle of R. F. A. Fizz. Sufficient to say that the two drank faithfully to the Health, Wealth, Long Life and Future Happiness of Class '19.

P. A. B., '19, L. E. K., '19.

PRELIMINARY DECLAMATION CONTEST OF HAMILTON COLLEGE

On Friday evening, April 11, 1919, the week following the Slingerland Contest, the Interscholastic Preliminary Declamation Contest of Hamilton College was held in the Rome Free Academy, President Ferry of Hamilton College presiding. This was the twentieth annual contest representing the high schools of this vicinity. The winner customarily enters the final contest at Hamilton in May with the other winners of similar contests to compete for the championship of the State.

We were glad to welcome the Hamilton Quartet, which opened the program with the college song. They appeared three times during the evening and their selections were encored repeatedly by an enthusiastic audience.

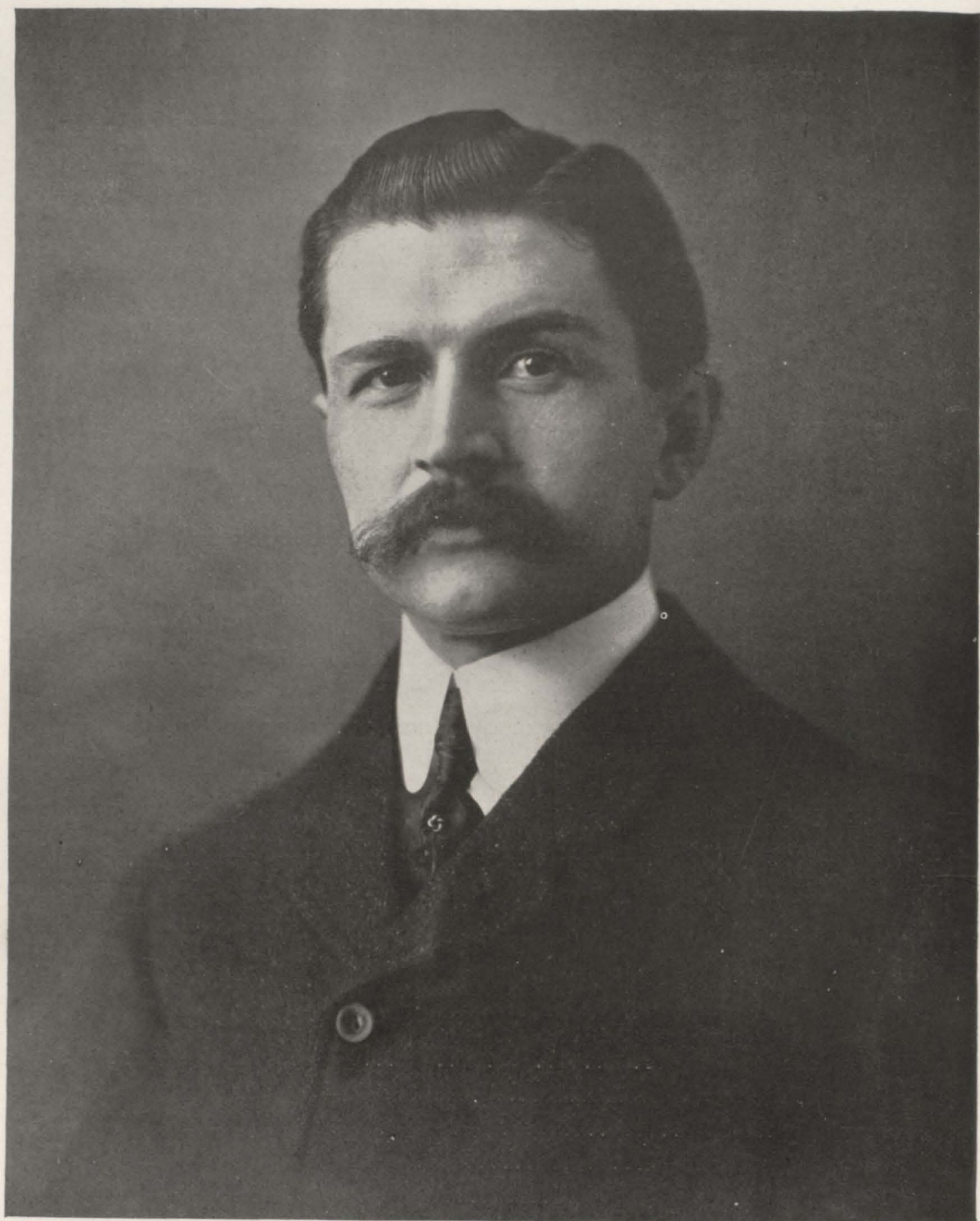
The program was as follows:

- "Americanism" George Kellog
Mexico Academy and High School
- "The Democracies of Civilization" George A. Clyde, Jr.
St. Johns School of Manlius
- "Theodore Roosevelt" Carl Warren
Remsen High School
- "The Duty of Intelligence" Fred E. Brush
Rome Free Academy
- "A Tribute to the American Soldier" Laurence J. Olmstead
North High School of Syracuse
- "Roosevelt the American" John Siegart
Parish High School

By the decision of the judges our own representative, Fred E. Brush, received the first prize and was heartily cheered by his fellow-students. The second prize was awarded to Laurence J. Olmstead of Syracuse North High School. Honorable mention was meritoriously won by Carl Warren of Remsen High School.
P. B., '19.

WINNERS IN SCHOOL CONTESTS

- First Prize for Girls Priscilla Alden Beach
- Second Prize for Girls Thelma Merle Evans
- First Prize for Boys Fred E. Brush
- Second Prize for Boys Hamilton Paul
- First Prize, Davis Essay 1918 Helen M. Roth



IN MEMORIAM - HOMER W. HARRIS

A TRIBUTE TO MR. HARRIS

It was a heart-breaking message that made its way last summer to the students and teachers of R. F. A., scattered in various places, enjoying their happy vacation, making its way finally even to the boys and girls who were serving the cause of humanity in far-away France or on the great waters — the message that our beloved Mr. Harris had suddenly passed over the Great Divide out of sight and hearing, leaving behind his home and dear ones, the boys and girls, the teachers and the work that he loved so devotedly.

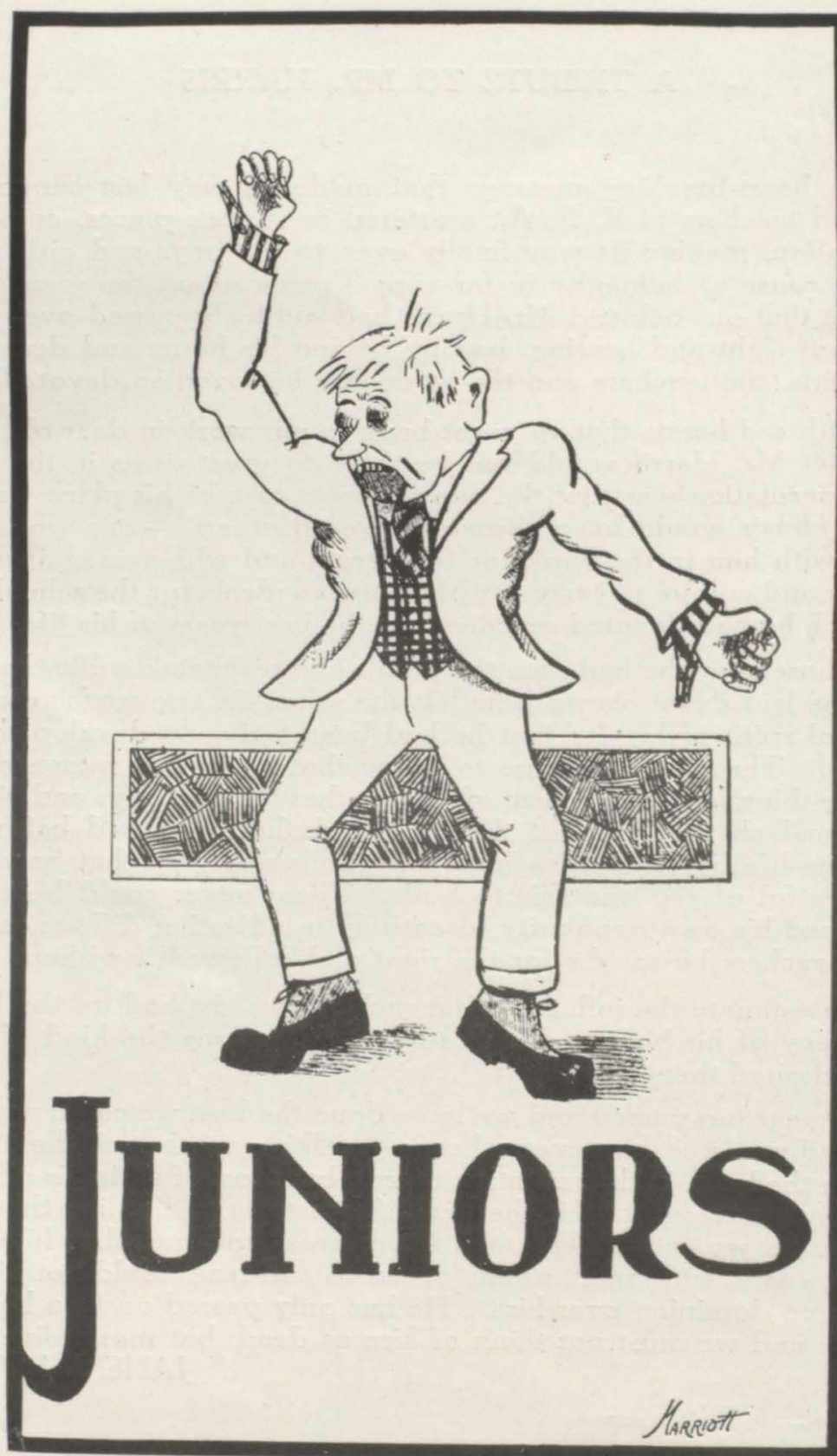
It was with sad hearts that we went back to our work in dear old R. F. A., knowing that Mr. Harris would not be there to greet us as in the old days. Our only consolation was that the one who was to take his place was the one whom Mr. Harris would have chosen above all others — one who had been associated with him in the work for four years and who was eminently fitted in character and culture to carry out Mr. Harris's ideals for the school he loved and to which he had devoted seventeen of the best years of his life.

During those years he had seen the pupils and teachers double their number and when he laid down his work he left the school in fine working order with a fine school spirit of loyalty that he had been trying to develop through all those years. The students came to know that their best interests were his and that the thing he wanted most of all was that "all the boys and girls should have an equal chance," almost the last words he murmured before passing over into the life beyond. Teachers and pupils alike felt that he was a man utterly forgetful of self and fair to both. There never could be a principal who sacrificed his own popularity so entirely in adjusting differences between pupil and teacher; he sought for the right and followed it without deviation.

Who can estimate the influence that such a man has had on the life of our city, for many of his boys and girls now have become the kind of men and women he desired them to be!

Nearly a year has passed and we have done the best we could without him. We have sadly missed him everywhere — walking up the middle aisle to the platform, in the halls, in the recitation rooms, but most of all in his office, where all we have now to greet us is the beautiful picture, so life-like that it almost speaks to us as we enter. We shall never cease to remember him and love him. Such a soul, so refined, noble, generous and true, could not die. Death could have no dominion over him. He has only passed on to a higher plane of existence and we must not think of him as dead, but more alive.

JANE S. HIGHAM.



HISTORY, CLASS 1920

CLASS OFFICERS

Edward Barnard	- - -	President
Elizabeth McAdam	-	Vice President
Ruth Carr	- - -	Secretary
Madison Jackson	- -	Treasurer

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1920

It was a brisk, cold morning in January, exactly three years from the day we as Freshmen entered the glorious portals of R. F. A.

As I sat in a large leather rocker before the open fireplace, reading a book entitled "High School Days," memory took me back to the beginning of the happy school days of the Class of 1920.

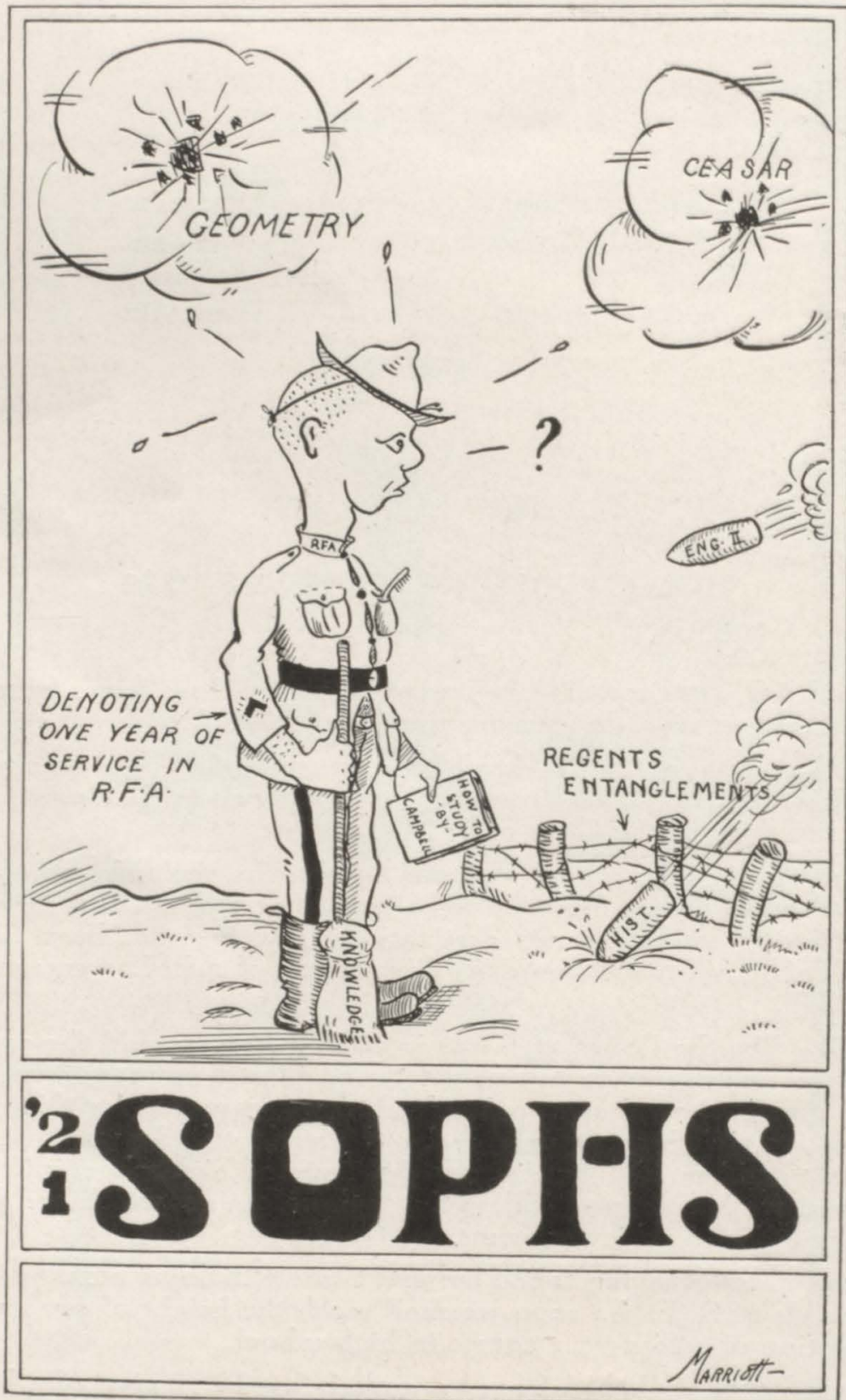
Our first day in high school was one long to be remembered. We were first told to go to rooms five and eight, and after a great deal of wandering about we finally arrived at our destination. We had not been there long, however, before we heard the deafening sound of a bell, summoning us to the study hall.

Trembling like the leaves of a tree in autumn, we entered the court room, in reality the study hall, to be judged by an illustrious judge, the principal. However, our fears were soon quieted when we were told by this judge that the reason for such hearty applause by the student body was that we were the brightest and best looking class that had entered high school in some years. He also said we had only to follow the path before us, which had long been traveled, in order to achieve success.

Days and months having rolled by, and Seniors, holding aloft the principles and standards of R. F. A., soon we shall reach the height of our ambition — the completion of a four-year course in high school.

Suddenly I was awakened from my reverie by the ringing of a bell, which I recognized to be that of the telephone. Upon answering it I found it to be the Editor of the Senior Annual, requesting me to write the history of our class, that of 1920. I immediately sat down, and with pen in hand, wrote the above, which I had seen in vivid pictures but a few moments before.

R. A. C., '20.



HISTORY, CLASS 1921

CLASS OFFICERS

William Gage	-	-	-	President
Eleanor Staley	-	-	-	Vice President
Elois Bradt	-	-	-	Secretary
Frederick Marks	-	-	-	Treasurer

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1921

In retrospect we wish to call the attention of our readers to the fact that during the year 1918 we were very little heard of, owing to the World War. At that time all sports were at a standstill, with the exception of a few games of football, the most gratifying being the defeat of Utica. We also wish to call attention to the excellent results obtained by the girls of our class with their knitting of sweaters, socks, scarfs, etc., which brightened the life of the boy in khaki. Needless to state, as we had prophesied, we again passed our studies with flying colors.

The year of 1919 opened with the war at an end and with our class feeling fit and full of pep — ready to tackle any and all prospects, whether studies or sports, that might appear upon the interscholastic horizon.

The results have proved our interest and fitness, and with the help of our esteemed principal we closed the June term of 1919 with the highest of honors, having all joined enthusiastically in the sale of Thrift Stamps, and having had more than our share of representatives on the football and baseball teams.

We are now eagerly awaiting our duties as Juniors, that we may continue to add laurels to the good Class of '21.

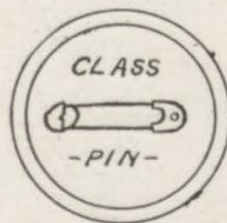
W. J. G., '21.



Drunk Again

Editor's Note—Soon such disgraceful scenes shall no longer be possible.

FROSH



Harriott

HISTORY, CLASS 1922

CLASS OFFICERS

Othmer Scholtz	-	-	-	President
Dorothy Cagwin	-	-	-	Vice President
Ruth Byam	-	-	-	Secretary
Lyle Agans	-	-	-	Treasurer

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1922

After having been under the careful supervision of our teachers at grammar school, we felt very strange in our new surroundings. As every other class that has gone before us, we thought that we were the brightest class that ever entered R. F. A. But we found out very soon that "Freshmen should not have too good an opinion of themselves."

We shall never forget our first appearance in the study hall. When we reached that dreadful room we were given a hearty welcome. Although very much embarrassed, we were comforted with the thought that our welcomers had been through the same ordeal. We listened attentively to a severe (?) lecture given by Prof. Campbell.

As yet our class has not had an opportunity to shine in athletics, but we hope to be able to keep up the record of R. F. A. along this line.

When we entered R. F. A. we did not realize the great task that was before us, the task of keeping up the record which has been given to us by the preceding classes, particularly the Class of 1919. We hold as our ideal the record which Class '19 has established. Our aim is to establish a similar one — one that will ring through our dear old R. F. A. for years to come.

G. R., '22.



READY FOR ACTION

ROME FREE ACADEMY STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

America stands for progress. That Rome Free Academy is a first-class American institution was proven when the principal and teachers, believing that one important purpose of the maintenance of schools is the character training of future citizens, and that such character training in this school could be made more effective by extending to the students a share in the management of the school, granted the right to the student body to organize a board to manage the student activities.

Eager to take advantage of the opportunity afforded them by the faculty, the students endeavored to frame a constitution. In February, under the chairmanship of President Barnard of the Senior Class, the following constitution was adopted:

Constitution

ARTICLE I — NAME AND MEMBERSHIP

Section 1. The name of this organization shall be "Rome Free Academy Students' Association."

Sec. 2. The purpose of this organization shall be to regulate the student activities of the Rome Free Academy.

Sec. 3. The membership shall consist of such members of the faculty, student body, and alumni as shall conform to the Association rules.

ARTICLE II — GOVERNMENT

Section 1. The officers shall consist of a President, Vice President, Secretary, and Treasurer. The President shall be a boy, a member of the Senior Class; the Vice President shall be a girl, a member of the Senior Class; the Secretary shall be a member of the Junior Class, and the Treasurer shall be a member of the faculty.

Sec. 2. There shall be an Advisory Board consisting of the above officers and the managers of every school activity, organized or to be organized; an additional member of the faculty, and a representative from every class, elected by the class, and one person chosen from the alumni, or those outside the school who are connected with school activities. The Principal shall be an ex-officio member.

Sec. 3. The officers of the Association shall be nominated at a primary election on the last school day of May. The election shall be by ballot from

the two nominees receiving the highest number of votes at the primaries, and shall be held during the first week in June.

Sec. 4. The election of the other members of the Advisory Committee shall take place at the convenience of each organization, three school days' notice having been given to the student body through the Advisory Committee.

Sec. 5. Nominations for the managers of the various organizations shall be made by the Advisory Board and posted three days before the election.

Sec. 6. Independent nominations, if signed by at least ten members of the Association, may be filed with the Advisory Board and shall be posted at least one day before the election.

Sec. 7. A majority of the members of the Association shall constitute a quorum.

Sec. 8. A majority of the Advisory Board shall constitute a quorum.

Sec. 9. An officer may be recalled by a two-thirds majority of the body which elected him.

ARTICLE III — DUTIES OF OFFICERS, MANAGERS, AND ADVISORY BOARD

Section 1. The duties of the President, Vice President, Secretary, and Treasurer shall be the customary duties devolving upon the officers of such associations. The Treasurer shall make full annual report and shall disburse moneys on the authorization of the Advisory Board.

Sec. 2. The managers shall plan the work for their respective organizations. Before execution they shall present all plans to the Advisory Board for approval.

Sec. 3. The Advisory Board shall have general supervision over the management of each organization and shall act in the capacity of a court of appeals in all matters of dispute or grievance.

ARTICLE IV — MEETINGS

Section 1. Special meetings must be held at the call of the President or on the written request of twenty-five members of the Association.

ARTICLE V — SCHOOL ORGANIZATIONS

Section 1. Any school organization already in existence or hereafter to be formed may adopt its own constitution and rules for action, but these must all be submitted for the approval of the Board.

ARTICLE VI — DUES AND AMENDMENTS

Section 1. The dues of students shall be 25c a year. The dues of the faculty and alumni shall be \$1 a year. Post-graduates registered in school shall be considered as Seniors.

Sec. 2. The members of the Association shall be admitted to all games and entertainments at 60 per cent of the admission price at the presentation of their membership tickets.

Sec. 3. This constitution may be amended by a two-thirds vote of the members present at any meeting of the Association, provided the amendments are recommended and bulletined by the Advisory Board at least ten days before they are acted upon by the Association.

By - Laws

ARTICLE I

The privilege of wearing the Rome Free Academy "R" may be awarded by the Advisory Board upon recommendation of the coach, under the following rules, adopted by the Advisory Board on June 5, 1919:

Football — A six-inch block R to any member of the team who plays in full games for half the games or parts of four-fifths of all the games.

Baseball — A five-inch block R for any member of the team who plays in full game for half the games or four-fifths of parts.

Basketball — A five-inch old English R for any member of the team who plays in full games for half the games or in parts of four-fifths of the games.

Second Team — Any player finishing the season shall be given a four-inch letter similar to the first team letter, except that a small 2 shall be worn with the same.

Note — The pitcher shall be awarded his letter for pitching four full games or 36 innings.

A certificate shall be given with every award.

Any player to earn an award must finish the school term.

No award shall be made unless four games with out-of-town teams shall be played.

THE 1919 SENIOR ANNUAL

Immediately upon the adoption of the constitution these general officers were elected by the school:

President.....	Joseph Ruby
Vice President.....	Priscilla Beach
Secretary.....	Louis Van Slyke
Treasurer.....	Mr. H. M. Roberts

These representatives were elected by the various organizations of the school:

Faculty.....	Miss MacFarland
Seniors.....	Donald Barnard
Juniors.....	Dennis Ruby
Sophomores.....	William Gage
Freshmen.....	Mary Alvarez
Baseball Manager.....	Francis Dooley
Track Manager.....	Francis Christien
Football Manager.....	Lynn Eggan
Girls' Basketball Manager.....	Matilda Hart
Athletic Interests.....	Mr. G. W. Guyer
Musical Interests.....	Elizabeth Buchanan
Senior Annual Staff.....	Mildred Rockwood

These sixteen people, together with Mr. Campbell as ex-officio member, form the Advisory Board. Many things have come before them for consideration and they have handled them in a creditable manner. The football "R" was awarded to seventeen players and the two coaches as a token of appreciation for the splendid work accomplished in the 1918 season. The recital given by President Southwick of Emerson College was a success beyond all expectation. The baseball team has been equipped and financed. These, together with many other minor matters, are the accomplishments of the newly organized R. F. A. Students' Association.

It is our fervent hope that in the years to come this Association shall play an ever increasing part in the affairs of the school, fostering everything that tends to increase school spirit. With the hearty cooperation of all the members we feel sure that R. F. A. will ever maintain its high rank among the high schools of the State.

J. G. R., '19.



ADVISORY BOARD, R. F. A. STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION 1918-19

Top, left to right—D. Ruby, Roberts, Beach, Dooley, Buchanan, Barnard.
Bottom—Campbell, Rockwood, MacFarland, Alvarez, J. Ruby, Hart, Van Slyke, Gage

THAT INTERMEDIATE CLASS

"Dear me, Ellsworth, it does seem as if you might close the door." Bang!

"Chunk" has made his official, every-day entrance to that famous third period intermediate class.

Mr. Roberts, with a worried pucker between his brows, assumes control (?) of the class. "Now, see here, Raffauf, after you were suspended, you were sent back here to behave yourself. And here you are holding hands with Esther Bloss."

At this juncture Wesley Powers pipes up a word of advice to Eddie Barnard, who is vainly trying to sit on and off the radiator, and wave to some fair damsel on Hunting Street at the same time (one day he was discovered flirting with Dr. Cole!)

Biff! What is that? Oh, just Larry Gaheen's daily fusilade of tinfoil. One shot delicately caresses Mr. Roberts' head. "Lawrence, you may go to the 'ahfice'." Said Gaheen unwinds his long legs from the desk in front of him, and with a parting shot, stalks from the room. All breathe a sigh of content.

'Tis the cannon's opening roar — oh, no, just "Chunky" and Joe Powers singing in close harmony. We'll say it's close. Too close for comfort! Oh, 'tis the martial strains of the "Old Gray Mare" that greets our enraptured ears, accompanied by a futile, drowned-out explanation of binominal theorems by Prof. Horace M. Roberts. Three or four erasers wielded by the expert hand of Madison Jackson cover the singers with confusion — and chalk dust. Once more peace (?) reigns the happy hearth.

Responding to the urgent call for volunteers, Jay Williams nobly goes to the front and makes a 100 per cent recitation. The class breathes a satisfied air. It is one of their rules to let Jay do the work — let him have the marks, he certainly deserves them. Aren't they generous?

As a snore resembling sawing wood falls on the ears of "Pat" McAdam, she starts and blushes guiltily. Oh, well, it wasn't her fault the clock was slow, and Donald just would stay until 9:30. Wesley Powers then makes a recitation. All look astounded! And then "Chunk" does himself credit by getting a mark of 70. That boy will be President yet!

Now the class is listening to a solo by "Vin" Raffauf. He holds them like the Ancient Mariner. They are powerless. Verse after verse of the "Moss-Covered Toothbrush" is hurled at their defenceless heads. Mr. Roberts is sleeping the sleep of the just, worn out by exhaustion. Suddenly the hypnotic spell cast around them by the wily Raffauf is broken. The bell rings. Ah! heavenly sound. With a rush like stampeded cattle they bolt for the door — and freedom. Will they ever pass their Regents'? All please join in the chorus: "No — No — No!"

T. M. E., '20.



GEORGE R. STALEY

GEORGE R. STALEY

(Biographical sketch compiled by one who has always known him)

People of good taste are frequently heard to lament the architectural horrors of the seventies — that period when towers, turrets and jig-saw monstrosities ran riot. Any defects in the physical structure of the subject of this sketch may therefore be attributed to the time when his lines of beauty were established; for it was on March 31, 1874, that his plans and specifications were fulfilled.

Activities started on a farm in the little hamlet of Eaton's Corners in Schenectady County, this State. The customary rural experiences of falling out of the hayloft, being run over by a horse-rake, and kicked by refractory heifers aided his parents and the district school in supplying him with a sufficient quantity of life's hard discipline to meet the strenuous requirements of adolescence. At the age made famous by Booth Tarkington he was registered at a boarding school in Poultney, Vt., called Troy Conference Academy. Here in the course of five years he passed enough examinations to satisfy the Entrance Board of Syracuse University, and also made several original discoveries, among them that there are better examples of English and American literature than those to be found in Beadle's Half-Dime Library; that the vigorous table manners and racy conversation of hay-pressers and threshing-machine operatives were not those most encouraged by the preceptress; that the most accurately talented devotees of "fine-cut" and "plug" were not regarded in polite circles as the highest exponents of manly accomplishment; and that bashfulness is a terrific drawback to love-making.

Other discoveries equally luminous came as by-products to the college course which followed. In 1900 he was turned loose on the world with a degree of B. S. and a consolatory "cum laude." Having been most familiar with two types of usefulness, that of the farm hand who earned a dollar a day and of the school teacher who earned a dollar and a quarter, he seized avidly upon the "higher good" and resolved upon the career of a pedagogue. The first attempt was made in a rural school, the second in a boarding school, the third in a city high school.

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In Oneida he remained eight years as mathematics teacher and principal. After several ineffectual efforts to pry him loose from this responsible position, the Board of Education hit upon the happy expedient of electing him superintendent of schools. Here he was able to do so much less direct harm for the next three years that when the Rome superintendency became vacant the Board of Education of this city followed the line of least resistance, reached its hand out to the nearest town, and laid hold on one who seemed no more obnoxious than most of those who presented themselves as candidates.

The record of the past seven years is sufficiently well known to readers of this publication. If the schools had become as much better as they have become bigger during his incumbency, space would be gladly given here for the description. But he has probably done his best. At all events, he has kept up an appearance of being busy, and when not making the lives of teachers unhappy by more or less uncalled-for criticism or irritating the children in the schools by frantic appeals to spend the golden hours of happy youth in producing family quantities of the whole gamut of garden vegetables from early radish to winter squash, he has estered the community by soliciting funds for every conceivable kind of enterprise.

His high type of personal courage was manifested during the war by his willingness that the younger men should have the easy job of occupying the front line trenches in France while he participated in the perilous and exhausting task of lifting up his voice in the Rome theaters and directing a machine-gun patter of venomous words against the forces of Ludendorf. .

Added to all his other achievements he has accumulated a fortune. This inventories as follows:

One wife

Three children

One Columbia chainless bicycle (very rare old model).

FOOT-BALL



1918

HARRIOTT

ATHLETICS

FOOTBALL

The football season of 1918 is bound to be a memorable one because of the clean, hard, sportsmanlike manner in which the team fought its gridiron battles. When the candidates for the varsity team assembled for the first practice early in September, the prospects for a successful season were unusually bright. Eight letter men (Ott, Eggan, Wolfe, Gage, Wilkes, Bradley, Marriott and C. Powers) appeared, and they were the nucleus from which Coaches Guyer and Douglas expected to build a championship team.

When the season opened against Clinton High School on September 28, Rome had a smooth-working aggregation in the field. The game soon lost most of the characteristics of a football contest and assumed those of a farce. The fleet running R. F. A. backs were not to be stopped and never once did they fail to make first downs. The husky Rome line was impregnable, but for all that the light Clinton team tried throughout the whole game to score, but without the slightest success. Rome could have scored many times by various methods, but end runs was the quickest way of scoring a touchdown, so this route to the goal line was resorted to. We rolled up a total of 91 points, the most overwhelming defeat administered by any R. F. A. team in years.

Manager Toomey had arranged a complete schedule of hard games, but his good work was set to naught by the influenza epidemic, which compelled the health authorities to close the schools and to prohibit football games. The first out-of-town game was on November 9, when the team, scrubs and all, journeyed to Sherrill to play against the team from the High School there. A violent wind was blowing diagonally across the field and made punts or forward passes dangerous and difficult. The large crowd of R. F. A. students who had journeyed to Sherrill in automobiles were caused much discomfort by this wind. Our team never failed to make first downs by employing two or three line plunges and an end run; while our old cross-tackle play worked to perfection. Three times Rome had the ball within the twenty-yard line, only to lose it each time because of fumbles. Sherrill hammered our entire line with scant success, but a lucky twenty-five-yard sprint around our left end netted them six points and the game. Rome was penalized 130 yards during the game, so they laid up (temporarily) a dozen Sherrill men, so that score was a little nearer being equal. Sherrill gained a winning number of points and so technically won the contest, but those who saw this game will agree that the victory should have been ours.

It was on November 16 that the Varsity was sent to Syracuse to play against North High. The team arrived at Syracuse University about 12:30 (dinner time) and after hurriedly getting into their uniforms, trotted onto the field in the Archbold Stadium and began to play. The Rome team was greatly weakened by the loss of two regular backfield men, and we were unable to advance the ball successfully. Our large and varied assortment of runs, trick plays and forwards failed utterly. During the first half North High found our weak spots in our line. When our representatives lined up for the third period they were disheartened and realized that a touchdown by their backfield was quite improbable. Before the final whistle had sounded North High had

crossed our goal line three times and had scored 20 points against us. This defeat was due partly to our inability to gain steadily, but principally because the team became discouraged and did not fight stubbornly throughout the entire game.

The Vocational High School football team came to Rome the following Saturday with the firm belief that they would win an easy victory. The Vocational team was the best team in Syracuse, but Rome gained first downs repeatedly, while the visitors found their best plays were easily solved by the Romans. We advanced the ball to our opponents' twenty-yard line, but were held there. Vocational came uncomfortably near our goal. In the second quarter the pigskin was only three yards from the last white line and it seemed impossible that Syracuse could not score. After four mighty efforts the renowned visitors still lacked one precious yard, and after that splendid defense our goal line was never threatened. The play was in midfield throughout the remainder of the game. Our stubborn warriors were a match for the husky invaders. Syracuse claimed a touchdown, but Rome disputed the claim. In the final period one of our backs knocked down a forward pass which had been attempted by our opponents. A tackle scooped up the ball and crossed the line. A very good authority (Mr. G. Guyer) insisted that the goal was illegal. In that case neither side scored and the contest resulted in a no-score tie. This was one of the best games ever played in Rome, but it was only a small crowd that through the wind and snow watched the Syracuse Vocational High School, undisputed champions of Central and Southwestern New York, play the hardest game of the year. Rome held them scoreless, a feat which no other school had been able to do.

The dark, cold weather on Thanksgiving Day was not in keeping with the hope and confidence of the R. F. A. supporters. A quarter of an hour before the opening kickoff a heavy rain began and lasted throughout the game. The rain doubtless prevented many people from attending the contest, but it did not dampen the ardor of the people already there and a huge crowd thronged the sidelines. Gage's kickoff was dropped on Utica's five-yard line, and when the Crimson failed to gain they dropped back to kick. The center made a poor pass, the kicker dropped the ball, the linemen crashed together, the ball rolled across the goal-line, and R. F. A. broke through their opponents' line and piled upon the rival who had recovered the ball. Within five minutes of play Rome had scored a touchback. There was a singular lack of thrills in the remainder of the game. The large crowd of R. F. A. students who stood on the side lines in all the rain cheered their team again and again and demanded a touchdown. Our warriors strove hard to cross the goal, but were unsuccessful, although once they were within fifteen yards of the hotly contested goal. Utica in turn approached within dangerous distance of our own line, but our sterling linemen proved their worth again. During the greater part of this annual game, however, the ball was in neutral territory. The field soon became a mudhole, and one player was indistinguishable from another because of the layer of mud which enveloped each of them — even their faces were covered. The ball was slippery with mud and water, and the field was in such a condition that long end runs or forward passes were impossible. Each team punted many times. Rome was much stronger than her rival in this phase of football, and took advantage of her skill. The big game ended with R. F. A. victorious by only two points, which shows that the two teams were evenly matched.

Financially the season was a success, which was due in a large measure to Manager Toomey and the way in which the students and citizens of Rome supported the team. We won two games, we played a no-score game against a championship team, and lost two games. However, on Thanksgiving Day the Orange and Black was victorious over their old rivals Utica F. A., so the season will be considered successful in games won and lost. The team should be remembered for the spirited and sportsmanlike manner in which it upheld the honor and glory of R. F. A.

Football Schedule, 1918

Sept. 28.....R. F. A.	91	Clinton H. S.....	0
Nov. 9.....R. F. A.	0	Sherrill H. S.....	6
Nov. 16.....R. F. A.	0	Syracuse North H. S.....	20
Nov. 23.....R. F. A.	0	Syracuse Vocational H. S.....	0
Nov. 28.....R. F. A.	2	U. F. A.....	0
Total points scored R. F. A.	93	Cpponents.....	26

The "R" Men for the Season of 1918

On May 2, 1919, the football men were awarded their sweaters and the coveted "R". Joseph Ruby, president of the R. F. A. Students' Association, first presented Mr. Douglas and Mr. Guyer each with a sweater and an "R" as an appreciation of their good work in coaching the team, after which "George" awarded the sweater and "R" to seventeen football men. The names of the lucky seventeen were: "Don" Barnard, Claude Bell, "Ham" Bradley, "Bill" Carroll, Lynn Eggan, "Bill" Gage (captain), Lynn Kelley, "Phil" Lederfiend, "Mart" Marriott, "Stan" Ott, "Joe" Powers, "Wes" Powers, "Punk" Rung, "Jap" Scully, "Jim" Spellicy, Carroll Wilkes and "Ed" Wolff.

The "R. C. L." (cheer leaders' "R") was awarded to Priscilla Beach, "Vin" Raffauf, "Tommny" Evans and "Louie" Van Slyke. C. W. P., '19.





FOOT BALL TEAM 1918

Top, left to right—Wolf, Bell, Bradley, Ott. Guyer (coach), Marriott, C. Powers.
Bottom—Gage, Eagan, Carroll, Kelley, Lederfeind, Wilkes, Barnard, J. Powers.

FOOTBALL BANQUET AT THANKSGIVING

"A-veh-voh for Rome!" We have the enemy and they are ours — ours for an evening of turkey and dancing to celebrate that 2—0 score.

It was the last game of the season and the cheering crowd, hilarious over the victory, met in the Y. M. C. A. to enjoy the first social evening to be held for the Rome and Utica teams since they have been rivals.

At seven o'clock in the dining hall at the Y. M. C. A. a banquet was served for the two teams. The High School girls officiated on the "K. P." Mr. Campbell was toastmaster. Responses to toasts were given by Mr. Staley, "Bill" Gage (captain of the Rome team), Pearson Mason (captain of the Utica team), William Toomey (manager of the Rome team), Thomas J. Connell of Camp Dix, who was home on a furlough, A. L. Hahn (secretary of the "Y. M."), and G. W. Guyer (coach of the team).

After a period of songs and cheers everyone adjourned to Haselton Hall, where the two teams were given the platform. Alternating with school songs, impromptu speeches were given by members of both teams. Miss Stocking gave a couple of very entertaining selections, and Marjorie Stevens recited an original poem entitled "Up With Your Heads, Romans."

Strains of "Hindustan" and "Smiles" summoned the people to the gymnasium, where dancing was enjoyed for the rest of the evening.

P. B., '19.



Winter Sports



BASEBALL

BASEBALL, 1919

Baseball has been so unsuccessful here in the past that R. F. A. was not represented in this sport last year. The first thing the Students' Association did, however, was to decide to have a baseball team, and Francis Dooley was elected manager. Our new manager arranged a complete schedule of hard games. The first of these contests was a practice game against a team composed of former school stars. R. F. A. won 12 to 5 by bunched hits and good fielding. The next Wednesday, April 23, we lost the second practice game. The Varsity went to Manlius and was defeated 8 to 2. Ott pitched a fine game and held the opposing sluggers to a few scattered hits. P. Lederfiend proved himself to be both a good catcher and a good hitter.

On May 3 the Assumption High School of Utica came here and tried to play ball. Ott was in the box for Rome and was not satisfied with bewildering the opposing batters, but he had to go and get a three-bagger. Coach Guyer thought Ott was getting too frolicsome, so he put P. Lederfiend in as a twirler. M. Lederfiend was placed behind the bat to throw back the ball. Puttock helped with four hits out of five times at bat. Score, Rome 14, Assumption H. S. 3.

Saturday, May 24, the R. F. A. team was in Little Falls. Higher Authorities forbade the Lederfiend brothers playing the remainder of the season. Sage took P. Lederfiend's place as backstop and he filled the position well. Ott pitched an unusual brand of ball and pitched himself out of some tight places. Score, Rome 4, Little Falls 2. Game called in sixth inning because of rain.

Oneida High School was supposed to be easy for us, but on May 31 we found that we were mistaken. R. F. A. scored five runs the first inning, but Ott was wild and forced in four runs in three innings. Byrnes took his place and lasted half an inning. Puttock lasted about an inning and a half. VanSlyke finished. J. Powers was the utility man. He played right field, shortstop, third base and left field. The team didn't know whether it was playing baseball or ping-pong. The farce finally ended with the score Rome 8, Oneida 16.

The aggregation representing Rome on the baseball field this year has proved itself to be a strong team, if not a championship team. It is fair to predict that when the season finally closes the result of the remaining games will be a record of which R. F. A. may well be proud. Baseball this year in the Academy has been successful and we hope that hereafter R. F. A. will be represented in this national sport.

Batting and Fielding Averages Up to June 3, 1919

	A.B.	H.	C.	E.	B.A.	F.A.
Percival, cf.....	6	3	4	1	.500	.750
Carroll, rf.....	5	2	1	0	.400	1.000
P. Lederfiend, c.-p.....	12	4	27	1	.333	.966
Puttock, 3b.....	19	6	6	2	.313	.767
S. Ott, p.....	13	4	10	2	.307	.800
M. Lederfiend, c.-rf.....	7	2	12	1	.285	.917
Byrnes, ss.....	20	5	16	6	.250	.625
Dooley, 2b.....	16	4	10	1	.250	.900
Collello, rf.....	4	1	3	0	.250	1.000
J. Powers, 3b-cf.....	12	2	4	0	.166	1.000
Schneible, 1b.....	18	2	31	0	.111	1.000
Gage, c.....	19	2	25	3	.105	.880
Van Slyke, lf.....	13	1	4	0	.77	1.000
Wilkes, c.....	2	0	3	0	.000	1.000
Talman, rf.....	0	0	1	0	.000	1.000
H. Powers, cf.....	1	0	0	0	.000	.000

Baseball Schedule, Season of 1919

April 19—R. F. A. vs. R. F. A. Alumni.....	12—5 (R)
April 23—R. F. A. vs. Manlius (St. Johns).....	2—8
May 3—R. F. A. vs. Assumption High School.....	14—3 (R)
May 10—R. F. A. vs. Syracuse North.....	Cancelled (R)
May 17—R. F. A. vs. Syracuse Central.....	Cancelled
May 24—R. F. A. vs. Little Falls High School.....	4—2
May 30—R. F. A. vs. Ilion High School.....	Cancelled
May 31—R. F. A. vs. Oneida High School.....	8—16
June 7—R. F. A. vs. Sherrill High School.....	5—0
June 11—R. F. A. vs. Little Falls High School.....	——— (R)
June 14—R. F. A. vs. Camden High School.....	——— (R)

Games marked (R) were played in Rome.

Runs scored — R. F. A. 40, opponents 34.

Note — The last two games had not yet been played when this went to print.



A FEW OF THE BASE BALL MEN

Back, left to right—Percivall, J. Powers, West, Carroll
Front—Gage, Thalman, Dooley, Byrnes, Ott, Van Slyke, H. Powers, Spear.



SOCIAL EVENTS

SENIOR SLEIGHRIDE

Any old fool may predict the weather, but it takes grey matter to beat the weather at its own game. That's just what the Seniors had to do and did.

"Senior Sleighride" was the password for weeks before plans even started to mature. It took many tears, arguments, and sometimes worse, for some girls to secure permission to go. It was mentioned with a knowing glance or wink, hinting at the good time to come.

Then plans began to mature, but the weather did not. It was very discouraging. For one moment the expectant participants would be jumping with glee, predicting yards of snow — then kill-joy weather manager would bring out the sun or rain, and joyous shrieks would be swallowed with a sigh and a pinch of salt.

But this is where Senior brains triumphed. A definite date was set for the party and the announcement published that the party would occur regardless of the weather. The weather had to admit it was beaten, but as a good loser and just to show good spirit, came across with a fair snowstorm, making sleighing possible, although better judgment selected straw wagons.

The cheerful party left R. F. A. early in the evening of a Friday night. Every conveyance was packed to the falling-out point, some taking advantage of the fact. Members with extensive foot acreage were out of luck in this episode. Those on the third deck may have been more comfortable, but also had much farther to fall. Those who were optimistic enough to attempt singing were quickly cured every time an opposite party was able to free an arm. One husky Senior warbler swallowed three rubbers and would have added an overshoe to his winner collection except for his protruding front teeth (afterward lost somewhere in the straw). Indeed, the frolickers reached Liberty Hall, Westernville, with a small casualty list.

They were greeted by a well-heated building and a very cheerful open fire in the fireplace. Soon the hall was rocked by furiously enticing music. It was irresistible. No one could keep his two feet on the floor at the same time. Stags regretted the absence of their better halves, while couples who had never danced could not help limbering up and taking successful chances. Strict Methodist couples stopped dancing only when forced to by tired musicians or when it became a physical impossibility to continue.

The indescribable revelry suddenly ceased at 12 bells, the cause being the sweet aroma which came up from below. The half-famished guests devoured tons of mothers' lunches.

In half an hour the dancing was resumed, the orchestra being revived by hearty eats and other things. The moonlight waltzes were wonderful. Several couples were overcome by its sweetness and had to be wakened at the end, although still dancing.

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Sadly to the hearts of all the clock struck two. But such revelry happens only once in a lifetime. The Seniors were loth to interrupt such delightful pleasure. A hasty inventory of the receipts opened a pathway to more happiness. There was a slight surprise, so it was most generously donated to another hour of settling the heart cravings.

At three bells the orchestra had to be stopped in spite of great applause for encores. The now drowsy couples crawled snugly into their places in the transports, and except for what the moon saw all couples were apparently asleep in the profoundest bliss. The most successful party a Senior Class has ever given was over. We were blessed with the presence of "Mary" and "Socks" as chaperones.

D. C. B., '19.

Poem by One Who Was in the Same Sleigh With the Writer of the Above

We were crowded on the sleighride,
Not a soul had room to love
Except Donald and his sweetheart
Who gave all the rest a shove.
B. V. D., '19.

SOCIETY NOTES — CLASS '19

In recording the eventful years of 1918 and 1919 there has not been much space left for society notes. The time previously devoted to amusements has been taken up with war work; money for social enterprises has been sent abroad; society leaders have been pleading for war loans. So it has been with the Class of '19. Pressing war conditions prevented our giving the annual Prom to the Seniors of '18; and the "flu" forbade any gathering at Hallowe'en, while Red Cross work took up the rest of our spare time when we were rushing to make up lost work. But now the crisis is over and we are glad to have made even so small a sacrifice.

P. A. B., '19.



THE JUNIOR "PROM"

The Junior Class of '20 gave a "Prom" to the Seniors of '19 on Friday evening, April 25, 1919. We arrived at Stanwix Hall about nine o'clock and found Seegar's beautifully trimmed with black and red paper ribbon. After admiring the decorations (possibly before in many cases) we noticed a large punch bowl filled with a sparkling beverage. The best thing about this was that it did not once run dry during the whole dance. The number of dancers who crowded around this corner of the hall was sufficient proof that the punch was good. I am sure that if a vote had been taken in that hall prohibition would have lost its cause.

The Grand March started the evening's program. Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Staley and Mrs. C. F. Barnard acted as patrons and patronesses. The music was excellent and made everyone feel like dancing. In fact, the influence was so strong that it even reached our dignified chaperones.

After a number of enjoyable dances, the clock struck twelve and intermission was declared. The dancers went out to eat, some going to the Rome Club and others to the Grill. About one o'clock dancing was resumed. An hour later the punch began to run low and the musicians began to tire, so without music with "pep" dancing was impossible. The party was a big success from start to finish, and the Seniors sure did enjoy it. They greatly appreciated the good work of the Juniors.

V. M. R., '19.



When Kelly
Found A Beach Nut
Under An Oak Tree



WINNERS IN SLINGERLAND CONTEST

SLINGERLAND CONTEST

The Sixteenth Annual Slingerland Prize Speaking Contest was held in the assembly hall of the Rome Free Academy April 4, 1919. It was largely attended by an appreciative audience.

The orchestra opened the program with the selection "Maytime." The first speaker, Thelma Merle Evans, was introduced by Principal Campbell, who presided. Her selection was "The River of Stars," a tale of the Niagara, by Alfred Noyes. The story was told in a most charming and graceful manner and elected hearty applause from the audience.

The next speaker was Ellen Wilson, who gave the selection "Midshipman Easy," by Sylvin Chatfield Bates. It was given in a most pleasing manner and received the commendation of her listeners.

Marjorie A. B. Stevens chose for her selection "Mother," by Madeline Doty. The terse, dramatic atmosphere was vividly portrayed by the speaker and won the approval of the audience.

The orchestra rendered "Hindustan Oriental," which was followed by "Jean Desprez," given by Ruth Christine Fox. The speaker gave the selection with much fire and animation and held the attention of the audience throughout.

The audience was charmed by the manner in which Priscilla Alden Beach gave the "Last Born," by O. F. Sweet. Her true interpretation of the different characters, and especially of the "Kid," brought forth outspoken praise and hearty applause from her listeners.

This selection was followed by the declarations. The first, "Don't Die on Third," from the Detroit News, was given by Bradford Fillmore Golly. His enthusiastic delivery was well received.

The audience was pleased by the way in which the next speaker, Edward Wolff, gave President Wilson's Boston address.

The orchestra rendered the "Kiss Me Again" waltz, after which Fred E. Brush, in a well-adapted voice, gave Bernard M. Sheridan's version of "The Duty of Intelligence." His voice and manner were in harmony with his selection, and he was heartily applauded.

This was followed by President Wilson's New York address, March 4, 1919, which was given by Joseph Ruby. Mr. Ruby won the admiration of his audience and this was expressed by their applause.

The last speaker was Hamilton Paul Bradley, who chose for his declaration "Rienzo's Address to the Romans." This story he portrayed in such stirring words that the audience was deeply impressed.

Following this declaration the judges, Mr. Ralph B. Ginther, instructor in public speaking of the Utica Free Academy; Principal Elizabeth Peabody of Remsen High School, and Mr. G. A. Barton, supervising principal of Mohawk schools, retired to select the winners.

During this time the orchestra entertained with "A Southern Reverie." Soon the judges returned, and Mr. Ralph B. Ginther made the awards. Judging from the applause they met with the approval of all.

First prize of \$20 for girls Priscilla Alden Beach
Second prize of \$10 for girls Thelma Merle Evans
First prize of \$20 for boys Fred E. Brush
Second prize of \$10 for boys Hamilton Paul Bradley
A. W. H., '19.

MEMORIAL DAY

The thirteenth annual observance of Memorial Day took place in the Academy on May 29, 1919. The members of Skillin Post, G. A. R., honored us with their presence, arriving at 2:20 P. M.

The platform was adorned with flowers and the walls of the study hall were draped with American flags.

The program opened with the singing of the "Star-Spangled Banner" by the school. The next number was a tribute to the Boys in Blue and Gray and Khaki by Claude Bell, who also raised the reconstructed service flag. In regard to the flag, Mr. Bell gave the following information:

Total number of former students in the service.....	210
Total number of above who made the supreme sacrifice....	6
Total number of young women students who served as Red Cross nurses in the war.....	5

The six Gold Stars in the flag:

Herbert Lisle Armstrong.....	Killed in France
Henry Harrison Cummings.....	Killed at sea
Clarence Cummings.....	Killed in France
Lisle Sherman House.....	Died in France of disease
Forrest Guy House.....	Killed in France
Murray Francis Roberts.....	Killed in aeroplane accident

The five Red Crosses in the flag:

Eulalia Bickel
Amy Beatrice Hoffstetter
Emily Hicks
Margaret Dooley
Myra Miriam Ringrose

After the invocation by Comrade F. Z. Jones, Chaplain of Skillin Post, Superintendent George R. Staley gave us a talk on the topic "Looking Forward."

Several war songs were then sung in a very pleasing manner by the R. F. A. Glee Club, after which Vera Inman recited "Edith Cavell."

A reading, "Letters From the Front," was given by Marjorie Stevens. Following the singing of Post war songs by the Glee Club, the Recessional was delivered by Nadine Currie.

The exercises were brought to a close with a salute to the flag and the singing of "America."
M. E. B., '19.

THE TARDY CLUB

OFFICERS

"Don" Barnard.....	President
Lynn Kelley.....	Vice President
Madison Jackson.....	Secretary
Karllotta Heyne.....	Treasurer

MOTTO — "Better late than never!"

Accomplishments of the Members

- Sept. 25—Lynn Kelley. Decided to go to school at nine o'clock.
Oct. 2—Lynn Kelley. Took too much time eating dinner.
Jan. 15—Lynn Kelley. Barber took ten minutes extra. (Some hair!)
Feb. 18—Lynn Kelley. Eating!
Oct. 10—C. Wesley Powers. New residence, not used to the distance.
Nov. 12—Toomey. Celebration responsible for my over sleeping. (This was after Armistice Day.)
Dec. 2—Toomey. Had to stay home and convince my grandmother that I didn't have the "flu."
Dec. 11—Thelma Evans. Unavoidably detained. (By whom?)
Dec. 19—Madison Jackson. Had to get a shine.
Jan. 10—Fred E. Brush. Waited for a girl friend!
Mar. 3—M. Jackson. Detained at police station. (This is suspicious.)
Mar. 3—C. Havens. Waited for Jackson. (And this more so!)
Mar. 3—M. Herbst. Got arose too late. (Some grammar!)
Jan. 7—Karlotta Heyne. Lack of time.
Feb. 1—Donald Barnard. Couldn't run. (Why?)
Jan. 28—Donald Barnard. No excuse.
Jan. 29—Donald Barnard. No excuse.
Jan. 30—Donald Barnard. No excuse.
Feb. 15—Donald Barnard. No excuse.
Feb. 30—Donald Barnard. No excuse.
Mar. 1—Donald Barnard. No excuse.
May 20—Donald Barnard. No excuse.
June 2—Donald Barnard. No excuse.
Jan. 28—Lynn Dillingham. Met relative. (Wife?)
Jan. 29—Lederfeind. Clock on the hummer. (Eli?)
Feb. 1—Karlotta Heyne. Sleeping sickness.
May 14—L. Van Slyke. A. M. Mother very ill.
May 14—L. Van Slyke. P. M. No excuse.
May 22—Carl Hook. Had to wash my hands. (Dirty boy!)
May 27—L. Kelley. Mowing my whiskers.
May 27—L. Dillingham. The same.
May 27—Nadine Currie. Had breakfast. (How unusual.)
May 28—Bill Gage. Carried out ashes — barrel broke — had to fix it. (Tough luck, Bill!)

A birdie with a yellow bill
Hopped upon my window sill
Cocked his shining eye and said,
"Ain't you shamed, you sleepyhead?"
Robert Louis Stevenson

THE CIVIL WAR OF CAMPELLIA

At the close of the World War in November, 1918, all nations looked forward to a period of peace. Almost before the ink on the armistice was dry, civil war had broken out in Campellia. This nation had recently found a diminutive place on the most modern maps, and was heretofore unknown to the rest of the world.

This war in its most terrible fury did not actually break out until December 2, although a spirit of rebellion had been brooding since the ascension of a new king three months earlier.

The national army of Campellia had returned from a successful campaign against the army of Babaconda. The Babacons had been long enemies of the Campellians and had invaded Campellia successfully many times. These invasions were ended in the terrible battle of November 28 at Riverside.

At the next meeting of the king's court influential leaders of the army planned a triumphal celebration rivaling that of the great Caesar, without consulting the king, who, being offended at this trespass upon the dignity of the court, ordered all preparations to cease.

At this the army, almost as a whole, became incensed and departed from the place in high dudgeon, and were soon surrounded and sustained by enraged citizens, a part of the population joining with the army planning to overthrow the government, but the more conservative element of the citizens remaining loyal.

The court herald and manager of foreign affairs elected themselves leaders of the revolutionists and immediately seized the armory, from which they took musical instruments and laughing gas. With these they attempted to carry the palace, but much to their chagrin they were repulsed. At last they gained admittance through the treachery of a courtier. Having supplied themselves with clothing for a long war they attempted to make their exit. In making their retreat Major General Redhead personally attacked the king to clear the way.

There was civil war in Campellia and the city was placed under martial law by the king. At first the rebels were loosely united and there was no organized fighting force sent against the king.

At length they became solidly united and by carefully preparing propaganda gained the sympathy of the hitherto neutral citizens.

These were dark days for the king. He was surrounded on all sides by men he dared not trust, and deserted by many of his followers, the rebels for a time held sway. Emboldened by their apparent success, "abdicate" became their watchword, and pillage and carnage held nightly sway. The king, however, remained steadfast in his purpose and gradually filled his depleted ranks from the reactionaries, who were opposed to plunder and depredation. Fiercely and with varying success the war was fought, until the rebels, their ranks greatly thinned by desertion, asked for peace terms. The king submitted

the terms, by which all the rebels except Major General Redhead, the court herald, manager of foreign affairs and one other private soldier were restored to full citizenship upon taking the oath of allegiance anew.

The four leaders appealed to their followers and loyal citizens to uphold them. They selected the notorious William Burk leader of the anti-peace movement. Under the leadership of the daring Burk and his fiery eloquence, the masses were again swayed in favor of the rebels, and outbreaks more violent than ever seemed imminent. Burk's impassioned appeals caused fanatics to commit useless depredations, which weakened the rebel cause.

The king held his throne until the greater powers, forming the League of Nations, for humanity's sake, intervened. At the council table the powers decided in favor of the king. The war was ended. All were forgiven except the four leaders, who suffered temporary banishment from the realm.

L. E. K., '19.



Does School Worry Them?

THE SCHOOL BRIGADE

(Parody on "The Light Brigade")

Senior Boys, Junior Boys,
Sophomore Boys, onward,
All through the aisles of the girls
Marched the four hundred.
"Forward the School Brigade!
Now for some fun," he said,
Into the aisles of the girls
Marched the four hundred.

"Forward, the School Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not, though Prof. Campbell knew
Several had blundered.
There's not to make reply,
There's not to reason why,
There's but to hope and sigh,
Into the aisles of the girls
Marched the four hundred.

Girls to the right of them,
Girls to the left of them,
More girls in front of them,
Painted and powdered.
Smiled at with eyes of brown,
Withered by many a frown,
Into the aisles of girls
Marched the four hundred.

Brushed they their close cut hair
Threw they their books in air,
Hitting their classmates there,
Raising creation while
All the girls wondered;
Back of their books alert,
With these same girls they'd flirt
(Till someone caught 'em)
Chilled by a glance to feet,
Trembling and sundered
New methods they'd exert,
Dauntless four hundred!

Girls to the right of them,
Girls to the left of them,
More in front of them,
Painted and powdered,
Stormed at with many a quip,
Each girl received a tip,
She soon knew how to skip
And not get murdered,
Into the aisles of the girls
Marched the four hundred.

Where can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the girls wondered;
Honor the march they made,
Honor the school brigade,
Noble four hundred.

P. B., '19.

THE FATE OF THE TRIGGY

NINE

I.

Nine Wise Guy Classmen
Thought trig class was for fun,
But Roberts, he did thin them out
Until there was but one.

II.

Now in this class was Kelley,
Who had wit and fun galore,
He exercised this wit and fun
Till Prof. showed him the door.

III.

Then Kelley with a sigh
Accepted his cruel fate,
And this decreased the trig class
Until there were but eight.

IV.

Another boy was Thalman,
The chap with the phoney face,
He hit "Don" Barnard in the eye
And Roberts made him race.

V.

"Sneck" had brains and feet and
will,
Most any position he could fill;
But once he said, "Say, Petie dear,
Show me this hard example here."

VI.

And ever since he can reflect
Upon his naughty disrespect,
And Roberts said, "I knew I'd fix
This class until I'd have but six."

VII.

Now Barnard was cold-blooded,
And he got so very hot
He took his coat and vest right off
And Prof. told him to trot.

VIII.

Then Barnard said, "Prunes, Prof.,"
As sure as I'm alive,
"You've fired four out of this class
And now you've got but five."

IX.

"Wes" Powers and Bradley
A book they never had,
And when the first five weeks went
by
They were sent home for "Dad."

X.

F. Jones sure was a smart boy,
But he liked a show right well;
The Star was interesting, so
He let trig go to (H——) Utica.

XI.

Virginia was a good girl,
And brains she ever had,
But after 'zaminations
Her record it was bad.

XII.

Now the exam is over, we admit
She might have won,
But when Prof. passed out the papers
A trig book she had none.

L. K.

POETIC ATTEMPTS

FISH

When it's March an' a-freezin'
And yer chilly an' sneezin',
An' the icy winds through you do
 blow,
And fer leavin' the house
Yer crazy's a louse,
Even though ya do go to the show.
Then maybe you'll hustle
 When ya hear the school gong
 rustle —
Up the lazy gang so slow.

But when it's clear an' shiny,
An' so muggy and boilin',
Gee' what's the use of spoilin'
 A good day so.
Just take a pole along
An' fish while yer sing that song,
You'll catch fish as a rule,
And the sain't 'll forgive yer
Fer skippin' from school.
D. C. B., '19.

SENIORS

The Seniors are a worthy crowd —
They are never noisy, never loud;
They never whisper, never talk;
They never stare, they never gawk.
The Juniors think they know it all,
But some day soon they'll get a fall.
The Sophs are always chewing gum,
I wonder if they think it's fun?
Our friends the Frosh are pretty green,
Some are fat, but most are lean.
This ends my tale of R. F. A.,
This 30th day of the month of May!

E. G.

MORE ATTEMPTS

GIRLS

All the girls in this school
Try to see who can be the biggest fool;
If one should wear a beauty spot
Several others the idea would cop.
One day their hair is up and then it's down,
They act to me just like a clown.
Skirts are short and sometimes long,
The changeable styles have made their minds go wrong.
Some are dull and others are bright,
But with their tongue they all can fight.
Some drink water, others drink wine,
But all use powder to keep the nose from shine.

W. R., '19.

WORTHY SENIORS

At half-past one every day in the week
We flee to Miss Seely, our safety to seek.
We come very promptly, and quietly, too,
As this is what SENIORS must always do.
We sit at attention and hear with awe
Of wondrous things we never saw.

And then we begin that knowledge to show,
Which none other on earth could possibly know;
We prove ourselves perfect in thought and in speech,
For to endless realms our minds will reach.
In fact we are thought to be skilled in all lines,
Save only one — to make words into rhymes.

M. E. B.

MEMBER INTERNATIONAL
BREWERS'
ASSOCIATION

Weather Forecast—Tomorrow: Pretty Good
Day After: Nice
Day After That: Poor
Day After That: Rotten

“The Prevaricator”

NEWSY NEWS FOR NEWSY NOSERS

Vol. 13. No. 23.

Rome, N. Y., Tuesday, June 24, 1919

Price 30 Cents

SUBSTITUTE FOR BEER!

Ridge Mills Man Makes Great Discovery

Ridge Mills, June 24.—A substitute for beer was discovered here today. The discovery followed weeks of experimenting. The name of the inventor was not disclosed, but it is understood he is a prominent citizen of that place. It is rumored that this substitute is nothing like the so-called “near beer.” A corporation has been formed to manufacture the new product. It is expected that the sales in this territory will be large.

June 25.—The liquor situation today remains unchanged. Some hope is held forth that an extension of time may be granted. In that case the country would not go dry July 1st. The Prevaricator is using all its influence in that direction.

ROME FREE ACADEMY NOTES

Weekly Rhetoricals Tomorrow — Fred E. Brush to Speak

Speech lovers will have the opportunity to listen to Fred E. Brush tomorrow. Mr. Brush will speak on the “Duty of a Good Husband.” In addition, a musical program will be carried out.

PERSONALS

Mr. Lynn Kelley visited Miss Mildred Phinney of Oriskany Falls over Sunday and Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Harvey announce the marriage of their daughter, Ada W., to Mr. Edgar Boyce, which took place July 1, 1919, in New York City.

The Infanger Quartet, with Miss Lillian Infanger as director, is now playing at Summit Park. The Quartet has signed a contract for all summer with the Summit Park Association.

Miss Lola Willson is spending a few days with her parents at Point Rock. Soon she expects to leave for the Alps Mountains.

FOR SALE

PONY—In my possession one year. In good condition considering usage it has received. Address Anne Whyte, Box 123, Rome, N. Y.

AUTOMOBILE—Seven passenger, in perfect condition; cost \$8,000 when new. Will exchange as part payment for good aeroplane. Inquire ‘Wes’ Powers, 705 N. Madison St., Rome.

AUTO HORN—An auto horn in good working condition. Inquire Mildred Evans, 310 William St.

LADIES! LADIES! LADIES!

Dreamo's elastic skirt hems makes walking easy. No more falling; no more hobbling. Elastic hem accommodates itself to your stride and permits the cutting of skirt breadths to an ultra-modish minimum. Sold at all drygoods stores. Ask your merchant for them.

Drink SPIRO. Contains no alcohol, but has the kick.—Ad.

WANTED

A girl to love—Claude Bell, Rome Forestry Dept.

A good salve to grow a mustache. Elden Schue.

A private secretary to file my love letters. R. Ballard.

A respectable young man with brown eyes. Virginia Vary.

LOST

One of my ‘harts.’ Suitable reward. M. Hart.

One white sock of no value to finder. L. Kelley.

FOUND

Mr. Campbell's goat. Owner may have same by paying for this notice.

AEROPLANES

New York and Chicago

A. M.

Going East —
2:15 N. Y. Special, Sun. only.
10:50 Accommodation.
11:59 Elevated to N. Y. City.
Going West —
5:15 Express.
11:11 Accommodation.
11:60 Milk Plane.

P. M.

Going East —
4:55 Express.
9:40 Accommodation.
11:55 Wolverine.
Going West —
1:50 Chi. Special, Sun. only.
6:40 Accommodation.
11:56 Express.



SENIOR ANNUAL STAFF 1919

Standing, left to right—Powers, Rockwood, Raffauf, Fox, Harvey, Kelley Evans.
Sitting—Golly, Hart, Jones, Beach, Bell.

EDITORIAL

It is not our intention here to apologize for anything you may find about yourself in this book. We have worked long and hard to make this Annual a success — and you know we had to pick on someone. No doubt you will observe that only the names of those whose reputations could not be hurt appear in these pages. If yours does not, you may rest assured that your character was so irreproachable that we dared not touch upon it — “leave well enough alone” is our motto.

Following this editorial you will find a section devoted to “so-called jokes.” If you like them, all right; if you don’t, all right. The best jokes are left untold, and therefore we couldn’t print them. We do hope, however, that you take each gentle slam in the spirit it is given.

We take this opportunity to thank Martin Marriott, our cartoonist, for his most excellent work, and the faculty and student body for their splendid cooperation, in the preparation of this Annual. We can but say that it was appreciated.

EDITOR AND STAFF.



The Tester



Beauty

A beauteous maiden is my Grace,
Her cheek is like the rose,
And when I kiss her lovely face
I get a bright red nose.
And when I plant upon her lips
A small salute and chaste,
The lip-stick that she uses leaves
An unromantic taste.
If love is going to keep right on,
There's one thing that I hope,
And that is that the drug store folks
Will change their brand of dope.
For every time I kiss my girl
And add some cheerful hugs,
I swallow, in my boundless joy,
Nine different kinds of drugs.
So mine is but a sorry lot,
And mournful is my place,
I must become a drugfiend just
To kiss my darling's face.
And when my friends walk slow be-
hind
This stark and rigid frame,
And scatter flowers upon my bier,
Just say that I died game.

His First Cigar

(Dedicated to Ed Barnard)
Little Eddie puffed at a big cigar,
His eyes bulged out and his cheeks
sank in,
He gulped rank fumes with his lips
ajar,
While muscles shook in his youth-
chin.
His gills were green but he wore a
smile
And sat high up on a farm-yard
stile
And drew his hat down over his eye
And wunk a wink at a cow close
by.

The earth swam round but the stile
stood still,
The trees rose up and the kid slid
down,
He groaned aloud for he felt quite ill
He knew the cigar had "done him
brown,"
His head was light, his feet like lead
His cheeks grew white as a linen
spread
While he weakly gasped as he gazed
afar,
"If I live, here goes my last cigar."

They were alone on the Beach to-
gether. It was a fitting place for a
lone match. Behind them was a
Brush hedge, which protected them
from observation. He placed his
arm around her waist and kissed her
Ruby lips, at the same time telling
her with all his Powers that he would
be faithful to her until the Jew turned
Christien.

Having Dooley sworn to be faith-
ful to each other for all time, they
unconsciously walked toward the
Kirk. Their reverie was disturbed
by the pealing of a Bell. He grasped
her hand said: "For 'Evan's sake,
marry me; I can keep the Wolff from
the door and we can live happily."
Her Hart beat fast as she assented
to his wishes.

A Thalman startled them by
springing in their path. It was her
Father and he had heard all. "Great
Scott, young man, you couldn't earn
a Krumm of bread even if you want-
ed to. I wouldn't even let you Cur-
rie my horse," said her father stern-
ly, and thus the lone match ended.

Trigonometry — A mystic form of heliograph writing employed by Prof. Roberts in computing the team's marks.

Chapel exercises — An opportunity for the girls to fix their hair with no one gazing upon them.

Rhetoricals — An excuse for the blowheads to expectorate their superfluous line of wind and for the men to overcome bashfulness.

Report cards — An itemized account of deficiency to the Freshmen, of hopelessness to Sophs, of discouragement to the Juniors, of joy to the Seniors.

Pony — A beast of burden used by students when traveling in unexplored regions.

Flunk — The process of changing from a four to a five year course.

Accident — A good recitation.

Space — A term hard to define, but what all Juniors have in their heads.

Zero — A cold mark by a hot professor.

Marriage

The bond which restrains two temporarily insane people.

A ceremony which unites two bodies and disunites two souls.

A fool's paradise, but not a paradise for fools.

Late Plays

"Somebody's Sweetheart"—Miss MacFarland.

"Good Morning, Judge"—Our welcome to Campbell.

"Please Get Married"—The plea of the girls.

"A Little Journey"—Study Hall to Office.

"The Woman in Room 14"—Mary Willson.

"Take It From Me"—Campbell's Advice.

"Friendly Enemies"—Lizzie Big- ham and Helen Davies.

"The Crowded Hour"—9-9:45.

"Tea For Three"—"Pa" Sellick's any day.

"Hobohemia"—Y. M. C. A.

"Keep It to Yourself"—Anything you know.

"The Jest"—R. F. A. Track Team.

"The Riddle Woman"—Miss Seely.

"The 13th Chair"—In the Faculty "Row."

"A Sleepless Night"—Senior Sleighride.

"Sometime"—Stan Ott's graduation year.

"Tumble In"—Advice to Fresh- men

"The Royal Vagabond"—Prof. Schermerhorn.

"A Prince There Was"—Prof. Roberts.

"The Better 'Ole"—Chadwicks (D. Barnard's Theory).

"A Tailor-Made Man"—"Snap" Schneible.

"Polly With a Past"—Polly Sam- son.

"Going Up"—Prices on Football Sweaters.

"Water's Fine"—What Hooper told a Frosh.

"The Man Who Staid Home"—Ed Wolff.

"Melody Land"—Room 9.

"The Rainbow Girl"—Mary Al- varez.

Miss MacFarland, giving advice to Seniors—You know it's dangerous to call "Wolff, Wolff" too often.

M. Clyde—I went fishing with Wesley yesterday and he acted perfectly awful.

Friend—What did he do?

M. C.—He fished.

Ott has a large opening in front of him — namely his mouth.

"Get me behind thee, Satan"—T. Puttock.

She sat on the steps at eventide,
Enjoying the balmy air;
He came and asked, "May I sit by
your side?"
And she gave him a vacant stair.

Ambition

I'd rather be a Could Be,
If I could not be an Are,
For a Could Be is a May Be,
With a chance of touching par.
I'd rather be a Has Been
Than a Might Have Been, by far;
For a Might Have Been has never
been,
But a Has was once an Are.

Two hearts that yearn
For love's sweet prison,
Where his'n is her'n,
And her'n is his'n.
I stood on the bridge
With the bridgekeeper's daughter,
Along came the bridgekeeper,
And we both fell into the water.
To know H. Evans,
Even a very little,
Is to know he talks too much
And says too little.

To P. Beach

How doth the little busy vamp
Improve each shining hour,
While casting shy, alluring glance
To get **him** in her power.

He put his arm around her waist,
The color left her cheek,
But on the shoulder of his coat
It stayed about a week.

Why?

Why do little dumpy women,
Only four feet eight or ten,
Appear so very fascinating
To the tallest kind of men;
While their tall and stately sisters,
Built on nature's grandest plan,
Seem to gravitate by instinct
To the little sawed-off man?

After July!

A man to whom illness was chronic,
When told that he needed a tonic,
Said, "Oh, doctor, dear,
Won't you please make it beer?"
"No, no," said the doctor, "hat's
Teutonic."

It warms me, it charms me,
To mention but her name;
It heats me, it beats me,
It sets me all on flame.
—Happy Allison.

We went to Cupid's retreat
Who wandered on the sand,
The moon was coming up,
I held her little — shawl.

I held her little shawl,
How fast time flies;
The band played "After the Ball,"
I gazed into her — lunch-basket.

I gazed into her lunch-basket,
I wished to have a taste;
There sat my little charmer,
My arm was 'round her — um-
brella.

My arm was 'round her umbrella,
This cunning little miss;
Her eyes were full of mischief,
And I slyly stole a — sandwich.

There is no moral in this song,
But one that all can see;
Be sure when you tell this tale,
You do as well as me.

Unclaimed Male Matter . .

Paul Kingsley
Hooke
Kenny Bouton
H. Ackles
Sherman
Ferguson
Thalman

Little Things

Little book of Caesar,
Little pony, too,
Make the student happy,
And the professor blue.

Thus the naughty scholar,
Humble though he be,
Aids through all his lessons
When Herr Prof. don't see.

Thus he reads the book through
June comes — then he crams,
Doesn't know his grammar,
Thinks of his exams.

Little student studies (?)
Little book once more;
Makes his pony travel
Harder than before.

Maybe he will get it,
Hard though he must strive;
But he doesn't get above
Doubtful sixty-five.

While little Priscilla was saying her
prayers,
Her mother by chance overheard;
And was very much astonished,
For her daughter's plea was ab-
surd.

If I should die, oh please, good Lord,
To heaven let me straightway go;
But if I live I want to be
A vampire in a picture show.

Resourceful

Let never wine-glass touch your lips,
My pa has made this law;
I cannot disobey him, so,
Bartender, add a straw.

Riddles

If all the fellows were each to
choose a girl, who would Carl
Hooke?

If M. Clyde wants a diamond ring
has she the Powers to get one?

If V. Raffauf bought a car would
he "Parker" on Pine street?

What is the longest word in the
English language?

Answer—"Smiles," because there
is a mile between the first and last
letters.

Lost and Found

Mind lost — am not sure where
— Paul Kingsley.

My virtue — last football game in
Oneida — Chunk Rockwell.

Two inches in height; needed bad-
ly — Return to Frances Clyde.

Pair of pants — Fergurson.

My temper — Prof. Campbell.

Campbell's Soup — Bradford
Golly.

Wolff — L. Rathbun.

How We Seniors Hooverized in High School

Ed Wolff — Lived on dates.

Kelly — Kept his courtesy in
"cold storage."

V. Raffauf — Never compliment-
ed girls (except one).

E. Biggam — Had no callers (ex-
cept a few).

J. Jones — Curled her hair with a
hot kitchen fork.

K. Heyne — Did her lessons be-
fore dark.

P. Beach — Burned a very dim
light when she had callers.

D. Barnard — Stayed out of
school (saves his eyes).

Popular Songs

"I Just Like to Have You Come
Fussing Around" — Elsie Davis.

"Oh, Waltz Me Around Again,
Willie" — Thelma Evans.

"We've Got a Lot to Learn" —
The Juniors.

"A Great Big Girl Like Me" —
E. Gruver.

"It's Not as It Was in the Good
Old Days" — Students.

"Down on the Farm" — J. Wil-
liams.

Wanted

Everyone to listen to me — H. Evans.
Faculty to sing — Students.
A shave — J. Spellicy.
Somebody to do up my hair — A. Ingalls.
A cure for bashfulness — Red Stretton (by order of Vera Innman).
An alarm clock — D. Barnard.
A mind of my own — H. Evans.
To know more about Esther — Joe Powers.
More games in Oneida — Football Team.
A place reserved for us above or below — Editors.
Every girl to smile on me — Hooper.
Someone to listen while I talk — L. Rathbun.
Someone to love — Chunk Rockwell.
Someone to love me — Elsie Davies (why not combine?)
Our discharge (we'll get it) — Editors.
A book on love for beginners — Red Stretton and George Larrabee.
To know who sent me that book called "Reveries of a Bachelor" — F. Jones.
A curling iron — Jessie Scott.
An Idea! — must not be too weighty — H. Sneck.
A pony — must be easy to ride — D. Barnard.
To exchange my solemn countenance for one sunny smile — Lincoln Evans.
Seniors to be perfect — Miss Seeley.
A school for girls — Prof. Campbell.

Can You Imagine

Chunky Rockwell satisfied.
Bill Gage a steeple-jack.
Ethyl Parker walking to school alone.
Peg Clyde not talking.

Miss Seeley without a sermon in class.
Wes Powers shaved.
Lynn Kelly sensible.
Betty Buchanan not breaking a heart.
Vin Raffauf without Ethyl.
Jennie Jones with a fellow.
Joe Ruby playing football.
Pete Bloss without Polly.
Mary Willson without a smile.

General Classification of Senior Class

Best Student.....	E. Bloss
Best Bluffer.....	P. Beach
Grouchiest Man.....	E. Shue
Biggest Dude.....	Ed Wolfe
Ladies' Man.....	B. Golly
Laziest Man.....	Powers
Politest Student.....	E. Biggam
Hardest Grinder.....	L. Kelly
Biggest Flirt.....	I. Hertle
Promptest Student...	Don Barnard
Our Jeff.....	E. Grover
Class Soloist.....	Vin Raffauf
Most Quiet.....	F. Clyde

Dillingham — I forgot today was Friday.

Miss Stocking — So did I until I smelt fish.

Miss Seely (to Vin Raffauf in English IV class) — That poetry is all right, Mr. Rauffauf, but you did not put your feet in it.

In Latin Class

Miss Higham — If you are good, you are happy. What kind of a condition is that?

N. Currie — Contrary to fact.

Freshman's Prayer

Now I lay me down to rest
For tomorrow's awful test;
If I die before I wake
Then no test I'll have to take.

haven't a match — F. Jones.

There's nothing that beats a good wife except a bad husband — J. Hooper.

Many a girl with a poor complexion is rich enough to afford a better one — E. MacAdam.

When some men need exercise they run for office — D. Ruby.

There may be just as good fish in the sea as were ever caught. But a fish that is caught is worth two in the sea — P. Beach.

The man who invented the alarm clock will never have a monument — Don Barnard.

A little chiffon is a transparent truth — Bill Gage

The women generally start the
Famous Sayings

To work is human; to shirk is de-
vine — Tom Byrnes.

Damn was the first word that I spoke. It shall also be my last — Wolff.

The true idea of liberty is to do what you want to until someone stops you — MacMaster.

It is better to look well than not to look at all — V. Raffauf.

The darkest hour is when you love affairs, but the men end it — Chunk Rockwell.

It takes an occasional humiliation to keep a man's head down to the normal size of his hat — M. Clyde.

Cosmetics are only skin deep — Jessie Scott.

Burn no midnight oil but gasoline — V. Raffauf.

It's better to have come and loafed than never to have come at all — Ott.

Never study between meals — Gaheen.

Never study today what you can bluff tomorrow — Jones.

Never let your studies interfere with your education — Wes Powers.

Greater men than I have lived, but I doubt it — B. Golley.

Marriage is a lottery in which the clergy takes no chances — Ruby.

Kissing is one way to remove paint — Wolff.

Everyone is entitled to his own opinion if it agrees with mine — F. Clyde.

Honest confession is good for the soul — Miss Stocking.

They talk the most who think the least — Evans.

Man delights me not — Jennie Jones.

Laugh and grow fat — F. Smith.
She has charms that no one can dispute — Schneible.

Genius must ever walk alone — L. Evans.

A howling multitude — Juniors.

I am a fighter — Wolff.

Teacher of dead languages and living hardships — Miss Higham.

What would I do if I couldn't talk. — M. Clyde.

Love is a stranger yet to my heart — L. Evans.

Jokes

Buelah Schwarz (reciting on peace terms in Civil war) — Grant told Lee that he and the officers should keep their horses to plant in the spring.

Wolfe (in English class) — He ran so fast his breath came in short pants.

When is a dog's tail not a dog's tail? When it's a waggon.

A tombstone inscription is often a grave error.

It isn't the cough that carries you
It isn't the cough that carries you off in.

Marlow Abrams is to speak next week on "When Shall We Do What."

Then shall we say: "Sleep no more, Macbeth hath murdered sleep.

Student — I want my hair cut.

Barber — Any special way?

Student — Yes, off.

Francis Dooley is getting pretty Noble.

The man who tried to evade the draft is like a lemon pie: Yellow clear through and without crust enough to go over the top.

Mr. Lumblad, giving a sheet of music to every second person — You will have to divide yourselves.

In the Senior cloakroom — N. Currie going through pockets of girls' coats trying to find some powder.

Currie — No use here, guess I'll try the other room.

Campbell — We'll bring up the rooms from downstairs.

Soph — What is the name of the French national air?

Junior — Why I er-er guess it's mayonnaise.

Campbell addressing the student body — This morning the books were found MISSING.

Kelly — Why not put off the sleighride until February and give the weather a chance to snow a little.

Miss Higham — It doesn't pay to use a pony for it's liable to throw you on Regents' day.

Mr. Campbell — Why, you know there was once a time when everything on the earth was in the water.

Young Hopeful — Freshman.

Great Expectations — Sophmores.

Counts Dubious — Juniors.

The Crisis — Seniors.

Barriers Burned Away — Alumni.

Freshmen before exams — Great Expectations.

Freshmen after exams — Les Misérables.

EXCUSES

Camouflaged Illness

Prof. Campbell — Look here, this excuse says you attended your mother's funeral.

Tearful One — I did.

Prof. Campbell — Who wrote your excuse then?

Tearful One — My mother. Wow! I'm shot!

Natural laws of love — The low-

er the gas, the tighter the pressure

In English (Teacher) — Give me another figure?

Smart Guy — "Salome."

Junior — Hey! Red, do you like fishballs?

Red — I never went to any.

Raffauf and Stretton went out to a party and they had a feed. When they were eating soup Red made himself at home and became noisy with the soup. So Vin tried to stop him by talking.

Vin — Did you hear that chimney swallow, Red?

Red — That wasn't the chimney, it was me.

Dud Barnard — I hear they're putting electric lights in chicken houses and in that way they get more eggs. Wonder why that is?

Mac — It makes the chickens think it's daytime all the while.

Dud — No, that isn't it. It lightens the work on them so they can naturally lay more.

Miss MacFarland to Ruth Ballard in Civics — What can we do to save birds from cats, Ruth?

Ruth — Feed the cats.

Teacher, explaining the difference between O and Oh — If I stepped on your toe which would you say?

Peg Clyde — Oh—!

In Ancient History class, speaking of King Solomon:

D. Ruby — Where did he hail from?

E. Parker — He didn't hail, he reigned!

Mr. Schermerhorn in Chemistry — If any of you are absent, speak up!

(First period American History). Class discussing siege of Vicksburg. During the siege the defenders were obliged to eat horses, dogs, rats or anything else available.

Miss MacFarland — Let's see now. That was—

Raffauf — Rough on rats.

Miss MacFarland — What was the grandfather clause?

Whisper — My grandfather didn't have claws.

Prof. — If you had two windmills on your farm and found you didn't have wind enough to run them, what would you do?

Wes MacMaster (promptly) — Take one down.

W. Powers — You look cold sitting here alone, Miss Clyde. Shall I er-take my coat off and put it round you?

M. Clyde — You may put your coat round me if you like, but er-I see no reason to take it off.

E. MacAdam (looking in the mirror) — It can't be improved.

Preparedness

Jones — Dearest, you look sweet enough to kiss.

Marjorie — That's the way I intended to look, Dooley.

E. Parker — I see that you have been eating oranges again.

Geraldine — How's that?

Ethyl — There's so much skin on your face.

"My rose," said Wes Powers as he pressed her velvet cheek on his.

"My castus," said Margaret encountering his beard.

Miss Higham — The mind grows by learning and reflection.

A Voice — Give me a mirror.

In Chemistry Class

Prof. Schermerhorn — Beans are a rather dry substance.

J. Hopper — Is that why people soak them?

Dillingham — While I was to my girl's house last night someone threw a brick through the window and hit her in the side.

Frosh — Hurt her very much?

Dilly — No, but it broke two of my fingers.

Miss Seely — How would you punctuate this sentence? The dollar bill blew around the corner.

Barnard — I'd make a dash after the bill.

F-ierce lessons,

L-ate hours,

U-nexpected date,

N-ot prepared,

K-icked out.

T. Evans (translating in Cicero) — Therefore, a-er-er-

Miss Higham — Try the next sentence.

T. E. — Therefore-nevertheless-a-no-hereto fore—

Miss Higham — Try the next.

T. E. — I can't do **that** one.

Miss Higham — Well, try the next.

T. E. — Now, O Romans, I will say no more.

Miss Higham — I think you had better not; sit down.

Miss MacFarland (to Jay in the back seat) — Jay, can you hear?

Jay — Fairly well.

P. Beach (translating Cicero) — Take me to Manlius.

In Trig Class

Roberts — Now that I have fully explained that principle, will some one tell me how that angle is measured?

Powers — By OT.

Barnard — By OP.

Thalman — O. Gee.

Chemistry Prof. — Name three articles containing starch.

Dillingham — Two cuffs and a collar.

Miss Stocking — Now let me hear you say ex-quisite.

Class — ex-**quisite**.

Miss Stocking — I don't like so much accent on the squeeze.

Janitor — All my kids do is pick up worms for the chickens. I've got 58 young ones.

Newlywed — I want accommodations for my wife.

Clerk — Suite?

Newlywed — You bet she is.

Larry — What did I ever do that you should be sore?

Hazel — Why, when the Charlotte russe was set before you, you blew off the foam and mother was looking directly at you.

Miss MacFarland — I don't mind things from the sidelines when they are especially clever, but I don't like those that are thrown around like cabbages.

In American History Class

L. Evans — If the cities owned our street railroads there would be a lot of graft.

Miss MacFarland — Yes, there would be a lot of chance for that. How could that be prevented?

Dillingham (in loud whisper) — Pay as you enter.

Mr. Campbell — You're awfully backward about coming forward.

Miss Stocking — Ralph Waldo Emerson took the position in the woman's college because he thought it a good proposition.

Ellen Wilson — The king of England is like a head — he hasn't any power.

Miss Ruby (returning from English IV class) — Oh, dear.

E. Aldrich — Were you talking to me?

Rescued to rescuer — Oh, how can I ever repay you?

Rescuer — Oh, I didn't render you a great service. (Notice of funeral later).

Pauline Relyea (in American History) — At the peace conference President Wilson was very forceful in his speech but didn't become **decomposed**.

Miss Higham — If any of you intend going to some of the old women's "Colleges," etc. (a lecture to Cicero class which included Jay Williams and Francis Allison).

Frosh — Hear about the new tin roof sundaes at Milvoes?

Soph — No, what kind is that?

Frosh — That's one on the house.

Mr. Schermerhorn (giving advice to boys going down the stairs) — Keep single, boys, keep single.

Elden Schue to Lola Willson (as he presented her with a pansy) — Pansies mean thoughts and thoughts mean you.

Day After Peace Was Celebrated

Genevieve Ruby to William Toomey in English IV — Excuse me for waking you, but your snoring will wake everyone in English class.

P. Beach (trying to persuade someone to join mandolin and guitar club) — And it would be great practice for tennis.

Visitor — How's that?

Miss Beach — You'd get used to the racquet.

Mrs. Roberts speaking to Jones in German II — I don't suppose you think that I can see through a wall with a hole in it.

Miss MacFarland — What is the death-rate in Rome?

Raffauf — Same as it is everywhere else — one death for every inhabitant.

T. Evans (about the sleighride) — I was going down stairs with Larry to get a drink.

11:30 P. M.

Helen Crocker to H. Wiggins — Can't you stay all night?

V. Raffauf — No, really I can't.

Two privates were up before their company commander for punishment.

Co. Commander — Private Flynn, will you take company punishment or court martial?

Private Flynn — I'll take company punishment.

Co. Commander — Private Smith, what will you take?

Private Smith — I'll take the same.

Co. Commander — If you hadn't been saying that all day yesterday you wouldn't be here now!

Gaheen — Say, Linc, why is a kiss

like a sewing machine?

Evans — I don't know. I never had any experience with either.

Gaheen — Because they both seem good.

Kelly — I wonder why all the prettiest girls marry the biggest fools.

Pris. — Am I to consider this a proposal, Mr. Kelly?

Gerald — Are you fond of indoor sports, Marjorie?

Marjorie — Yes, if they know enough to go home early.

MacMaster — I never will come to this school again.

Hooper — Why not?

Mac — Because of a remark Mr. Campbell made to me.

Joel — What did he say?

Mac — Well, he said: "MacMaster, you are fired."

Recipe Found

Class 1916 — Lyle J. Howland to R. L. Utley Co., Dr.

2 bottles claret at 50c

1 quart cherry

1 quart raspberry cordial

PAID

Howland claims this was put in the punch at the Prom. Do you believe it?

Dilly — One swallow doesn't make a summer.

Larry — No, but the swallows the size you take are 'nuff to make a fall.

Prof. Campbell — What are you hanging 'round here for?

Van Slyke — Nothin'.

Prof. Campbell (sarcastically) — Well, move one; if everyone in the building stood still, how'd the rest get past?

Miss Foote — Name an important thing that did not exist one hundred years ago.

M. Alvarez — Me. (Not conceited, is she?)

Prof. Campbell — Well, Kelly, it is five minutes after nine; what are you late for?

Kelly — F-O-R school.

Miss MacFarland — Mr. Carrol, why did Cromwell lose out?

Gage — Because he had a full house against him.

Overheard from a conversation between two popular students of R. F. A.:

S. Schneible — Dear, but you have a good shape.

Ruth Ballard — O, boy, you haven't seen me yet.

I have a beau,

He is a beauty,

Goes to school and does his duty.

Studies Latin, studies Greek,

Greases his boots to make them squeak. — Karlotta Heyne.

Vera Inman to "Red" — You needn't think you're the whole garden if your hair is a little reddish.

If Kelly had been caught younger he might have been tamed. — Prof. Campbell.

I was a wild and wayward youth; now I have changed. — Ed Wolff.

Wanted — Miss Higham to return my daily workhorse. — Allison.

Elizabeth Buchanan (trying to sell show tickets) — Oh, it's going to be wonderful. I'm in it!

Prof. Campbell — Our local candidate, Fred Brush, was in fast company? ? ?

Miss Seeley (to Raffauf, who was out the night before) — Mr. Raffauf, I don't mind having you sleep in class, but please don't snore.

Eddie Wolff in O. E. class acting as chairman of the Students' Parl.

Law class — Well, I don't get the drift of this, I ain't got any constitution.

Kelly has joined the "Odd Fellows" — came to school with one red and one grey sock on.

Miss Burt — What is breathing?

Freshman — when you inspire and then expire.

Roberts (Trig.) — This is at top of page 58, Fred.

Fred — Yes, I'm there.

E. Biggam — A. Christien missionary.

Miss MacFarland — The dungeon part of Sing Sing is very dark, as some of you know.

D. C. Barnard's Week

Sunday — Church? !!!

Monday — Absent.

Tuesday — Late.

Wednesday — Skipped.

Thursday — Fired.

Friday — Lumberg.

Saturday — Sleep.

Campbell in Physical Geography (talking about cross section paper) — Now you use this and you'll have a figure just like mine.

In Chem. Class

Jones (having just read a paragraph on the manufacture of alcoholic beverages) — In that case, what's the difference between beer and ale?

Schermerhorn — I confess I don't know.

Dillingham (excitedly) — I can tell you!

Some people are crazy all the time. All people are crazy some of the time. (Which are you)?

Miss MacDonald — Next sentence, Mr. Martin.

Mr. Martin (reading the next sentence) — I learned my lesson.

Miss MacDonald (sarcastically) — I hope you did.

Barnard — Gee, it's tough! No dance tonight.

Margaret — Why not?

Barnard — She's sick!

Jones to P. Beach (after dancing) — Are your feet all right?

P. B. — No, one right, one left.

Miss MacFarland — Who called the first Hague conference?

Don B. — Hague himself, didn't he?

My Dearest Chunk:

I am so sorry I acted as I did last night. Please forgive me. I wanted to tell you that this afternoon, but I couldn't say it out there in front of the Y. M., and besides Jack was there and you acted rather peeved.

Please forgive your own

Vivian.

P. S. — While I am away it is up to you to keep peace between Jack and Louise.

"Love me and the world is mine."

My Own Betty:

Say, you can come back here just as often as you wish, if I have to assassinate every confounded girl in the school.

It is quite some time since we have written and I was getting worried.

Sure, I will get your book. When do you want me to bring it to you?

Your darling,

Raymond.

A Dream

I had a funny dream last night,

I think you'll all agree;

I dreamt that I was a teacher,

And teacher she was me.

She knew nothing 'bout old Caesar,

How he almost conquered Rome,

And I caught her chewin' pepsin gum

And so I sent her home.

Her marks was black as they could be,

And oh! she was a pest;

So I did up and flunk her

In an easy English test.

Now maybe this ain't logic,

And maybe it ain't true;

But anyway if you had her,

Just tell me what you'd do!

Mrs Race (in Civics class) — I was only in court once in my life.

Voice from rear — What were were you up for?

Kelly's Seven Ages

All of High School is bluff —
And all the boys and girls merely
bluffers,
They haul their sure things and their
bunco games,
And one man in his time works many
bluffs.
His bluffs being seven ages, at first
the would-be Freshman,
Workin' the High School Prof. to let
him pass.
And then the angel Freshman porin'
o'er his book,
Jollyin' his dear teacher into mak-
ing him
A goodly grade. And then the
Soph'more
Making each maiden think that she
Is but the only one. And then the
Junior,
Full of strange words and wise ways,
seeking the bubble reputation,
Even in the study hall, and then the
Senior working out his problems
in the moonlight

And jollyin' Miss Seeley, 'till she
thinks he knows it all. The
next age shifts
To lean and slippered pantaloons
with spectacles on nose —
This is a snap, for he is then the wise
alumnus,
And all must hear him talk. Last
scene of all that ends this
strange eventful life
Is a life of care and bluff, sans bluff,
sans pull, sans snap, sans every-
thing.

"Dates to Be Remembered"

March 18 — Don Barnard blows
in school at 8:30. He left Chad-
wicks early to get to school on time.

June 1 — Mr. Campbell begins
the season by wearing white trousers
to school.

February 17 — Prof. Campbell
changed seats in study hall for var-
ious reasons? ? ?

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